The Nation.

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The Week.

Events and opinions touching the Venezuelan question are overlying each other so rapidly that the lower stratum of fact is already passing out of sight. The Administration at Washington is blamed in some quarters for entering into any agreement with England and Germany which should recognize their right to coerce an American republic. But the principle upon which our Government has acted is a perfectly sound one, and its present position is unavoidable, unless we are to assume responsibility for the debts and also for the manners and behavior of the Spanish-American countries. No sane person would think of doing so. In order to assume such responsibility, we should have to take possession of the countries themselves and regulate their debts and their manners at the fountain-head. We are not prepared for that at present. Therefore, logically, we must say to other governments, when they have claims or complaints against the countries south of us, "Collect your claims, obtain your satisfaction in your own way, subject to the law of nations which you invoke, but do not make any permanent lodgment on the soil of the offending state." Before anybody blames the Administration, let him say what he would himself have done if he had had charge of public affairs.

President Schurman had better be careful how he criticises the masterly inactivity of Congress in regard to the Philippines, unless he wishes to hear himself denounced as a "little American," and a traitor. On Thursday night he had the audacity to say that the financial distress in the islands was due solely to "the palpable poltroonery and cowardice of the members of the American Congress." Instead of joining in the cry that the quicker the Filipinos learn English the better for them, he declared "that to insist upon one language in the Philippine Islands is a crime against nature and in defiance of history." Really, this sort of talk would condemn him to a term of at least ten years in a Federal Penitentiary if the Imperialists could sit on his case. Worst of all, President Schurman failed to agree with President Roosevelt that the flag may stay in the Philippines as long as it will in Alaska. Should it stay there after our work is done, the Filipinos, he asserted, would have to be either subjects or citizens of the United States. As if this were not heresy enough, the Chief Signal Officer of the army, Gen. A. W. Greely, made himself a candidate for the retired list by declaring that he never had believed in the war with Spain. The most disgusting part of all this is the evidence it affords that the anti-Imperialists refuse to be bound by repeated official proclamations that they are all dead.

Mr. Samuel Gompers and a number of gentlemen who are in general sympathy with him on labor questions, have prepared and signed a protest against the recommendations of Prof. J. W. Jenks to the Secretary of War touching Chinese labor in the Philippines. They say that the recommendations, if carried out, would result in a system of coolie labor little better than slavery, and that they would also expose the people of the United States, as well as the Filipinos, to the danger of a degradation of labor and a lowering of the standard of living. They contend further that the avowed object of these recommendations, which is to promote the exploitation of the islands by American and European capitalists, is not a sufficient offset to the evils which Chinese contract labor brings in its train. Professor Jenks is a pretty good authority on economic questions, and he has studied this particular subject on the ground. At the same time it must be said that the economic question is not the foremost one to be considered in this case. The first consideration here should be the happiness of the people to whom the country belongs, the Filipinos—upon which there is, no doubt, much to be said pro and con. The second is the kind of moral teaching which the United States gives to its own people, and to the world, when it lays down rules for immigration, for contract labor, and kindred matters. And here we have to confess that Professor Jenks's plan, with its prohibitions and restrictions on the free movement of Chinese laborers after their admission to the Philippines, is repulsive to American ideas of freedom and individuality, and ought to be promptly rejected by Congress.

In his recent communication to the *Evening Post*, the Pension Commissioner, Mr. Ware, asked the aid of that newspaper in opposing the bestowal of pensions upon men convicted of infamous crimes. He also called its attention "to the propriety of making a fight upon the joint resolution of July 1, 1902, which was a bill to pension the deserters of both armies." Mr. Ware's opposition is the more praiseworthy because this joint resolution became a law entirely by the signature of Mr. Ware's chief, Theodore Roosevelt. The "hero of San Juan Hill," in stump speeches, messages, etc., has read us so many sermons on the vicious influence of the craven and the weakling that we can explain his action only on the ground that he did not read the bill when it was presented to him. It consists of only a few lines, and provides that, in the administration of the pension laws, any one who was honorably discharged from his *last* contract of service "shall be held and considered to have been honorably discharged from all similar contracts of service." He may have deserted a dozen times from Confederates or Federals, and been the most conscienceless "bounty-jumper" in the army, but if he stayed six months in the service the last time he enlisted, he is to be pensioned along with the man who served from Sumter to Appomattox! That Mr. Roosevelt could have approved this law knowingly is impossible of belief, and he should join in the demand for its repeal.

At the National Reciprocity Convention at Detroit last week, Gov. Cummins of Iowa spoke like a man having solid ground under his feet and a firm backing among his constituents. "Tariff schedules," he said, "like other laws, are to be made, unmade, and remade according to public needs, and we are not to be warned off by the statement that we are on holy ground and that the sacred vestments of the priests are not to be touched by profane hands." He denied that it was necessary to change the whole tariff because a part of it needed to be changed. That notion was the refuge of two classes of do-nothings—"those who want to perpetuate something which they know would be condemned under impartial investigation, and the timid souls who would rather not vote at all than vote right or wrong." An opportunity is close at hand for the Republican party to divide into the two classes named by Gov. Cummins. The treaty of reciprocity with Newfoundland has been signed and transmitted to the Senate for ratification. It is the act of the present Republican Administration. It is also a repetition or revival of the Blaine-Bond treaty negotiated by a former Republican Secretary of State. It admits to our ports, free of duty, salted fish, fish oil, sealskins, and the ores and metals of Newfoundland, in return for which our fishermen have certain privileges in the ports of Newfoundland, and the admission free of duty of a long list of American manufactures, with reduced duties on cereals and provisions. To this treaty it is said that the New England Senators are firmly opposed, because it puts on the free list salt codfish, which is a product of New England industry. Their attitude gives point to Gov. Cummins's speech, and we shall soon see whether

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the whole Republican party is to divide on the lines which he drew so graphically at Detroit.

The lecture on Trusts delivered by Judge Grosscup of the United States Circuit Court, at the University of Nebraska, is noteworthy in two particulars. It is the opinion of a judge who has had a considerable amount of Trust litigation to deal with on the bench, and it is that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act is non-enforceable and ought to be repealed. Repeal of that act, he says, lies at the foundation of any effectual anti-Trust law. The reason why he thinks so is that it proceeds upon a false theory that the Trusts should be uprooted instead of regulated. So far are we from uprooting them that one hundred new Trusts have been created since the Sherman act went on the statute-book. This is certainly something like a demonstration of the futility of that act. Judge Grosscup would substitute in place of it one which would "provide against artificial prices, brought about either by a cornering of the supply or by conspiracy, and also against discrimination in prices as to either buyers or places. There should be provision for open books, for stated examinations by some department of the Government, and for periodical statements to the public, as in the case of the national banks and many of the railway companies. The new legislation should forbid the issue of primary stock in excess of the cash paid in, or the real value of property contributed, to make up the company's assets. Some department of the Government should be charged—as between the company and the public—with the duty to see that this limitation was enforced." This is a summary in brief of the Littlefield bill, and it cannot fail to strengthen that measure in the minds of Congressmen; but whether it will have the soothing influence which the Judge anticipates on the relations of labor and capital is more doubtful.

The meeting of the Civic Federation came to an end on December 10, and Chairman Hanna took occasion in the closing speech to praise the bituminous coal miners for standing by their contract and continuing work last summer, when they were asked to join the anthracite miners in a sympathetic strike. Mr. Hanna considered this a crucial test of the good faith of organized labor, and he congratulated the country on that notable event, but it is notorious that the success of the anthracite strike depended upon the bituminous miners keeping at work and contributing a certain percentage of their earnings to the strikers. This was made clear by President Mitchell's speech at the bituminous miners' convention at Indianapolis, July 17, which he concluded with a series of resolutions on the financial side of the question. These embraced an appropriation of $50,000 at once from the treasury of the United Mine Workers, an assessment of one dollar per week on all members of local unions, and an appeal to all trade-unions and the general public for financial assistance, which resolutions were wisely adopted. What would have been the consequences of a sympathetic strike in the bituminous mines at that time? Not only would the anthracite miners have been without bread, but the bituminous miners would soon have been in the same plight, and the other trade-unions, nine-tenths of which were dependent on coal for their respective industries, would have been disabled in like manner. Mr. Hanna, as a bituminous coal operator, would have been crippled, also, and prevented from lending aid to the anthracite workers even if he had been disposed to do so. We do not underestimate Mr. Mitchell's service in preventing a large body of excited men from taking a step disastrous to themselves and to the public, but we think that we are now far enough removed from that event to clear our minds of cant.

We learn from Indianapolis that the members of Local Assembly 300, Knights of Labor, which is the labor organization of window-glass workers, has a rule limiting the total amount of glass which can be made in a month, and that the President of this Assembly, Mr. Burns, has either rescinded or relaxed it. The members have refused to obey Mr. Burns's order, and a new candidate for the presidency of the Assembly has taken the field against him, with every prospect of success. The reason for limiting the production of glass is to keep the price of the article up to the possible limit of the duty on imported glass under all circumstances. The duty is about 100 per cent. ad valorem; that is, the American consumer of window glass must pay two prices for every pane he buys. But this is not the whole story. From the *Knights of Labor Journal*, November issue, we learn not only that this fraud on the consumers has been accomplished, but that an outrage of equal magnitude has been perpetrated upon all the glass-blowers of the country who are not members of Local Assembly No. 300. These are only 2,400 in number. They do not allow anybody but themselves to engage in the trade except with their permission, and in no event without paying an initiation fee of several hundred dollars. So tyrannous and exasperating has this monopoly become that a bill is to be introduced in Congress, under the auspices of the Knights of Labor, to put window glass on the free list.

A copy of the bill is printed in the *Journal*. The argument advanced editorially in favor of it has a familiar sound to our readers. It affirms that no duty on window glass has been needed in this country for purposes of protection these many years. It says that the effect of the exorbitant duty has been to enable the manufacturers to become sluggards, to take things easy, and to lag behind other countries in the technicalities of the art. If they had made proper use of the opportunities which nature has thrown in their way, instead of relying upon the artificial supports of the tariff, they might have distanced competition in foreign trade and commanded the markets of the world. The tariff on window glass is computed by weight, according to sizes. If the glass be not more than ten by fifteen inches square, the duty is 1⅜ cents per pound, and it rises to 4⅜ cents per pound for sizes exceeding forty by sixty inches square. Common window glass of the ordinary sizes, worth $1.50 to $2 per box in a free market, costs the American consumer $3 to $4 per box, and the restrictions on the output in this country are such that an enlarged demand coming upon the market cannot be supplied. Consequently, there is an importation of 300,000 to 400,000 boxes per year which might be made at home if the shackles of the Trust were thrown off. And yet we are told that the tariff has very little connection with Trusts, and that any meddling with the duties will bring destruction upon the "small producer." Is there any smaller producer of glass than the compound window-glass Trust?

It was doubtless an agreeable duty which the National Civil Service Reform League performed at Philadelphia in giving to President Roosevelt the praise which is his due for the general excellence of his appointments to office, and for his enforcement and strengthening of the civil-service laws. The discomfiture of the spoilsmen at his hands, in the matter of the permanent census office, was a great stroke for reform, of which the full merit will be visible when the new order of things goes into effect on January 1. The resolutions adopted by the League on Friday call for further steps in advance, one of them being the long-delayed reform of our consular system. President Roosevelt's message endorsed the plan of bringing consular appointments and promotions under the merit system, and asked Congress to pass a law compelling it. The League favors such legislation, but also, adopting a suggestion of Mr. Schurz's, calls upon the President to put the new system in force by Executive order, if Congress refuses to act. That he has the Constitutional power to do so cannot be questioned. "The President shall appoint"; and he may, if he pleases, say that he shall appoint only those consuls who prove themselves best fitted by competitive examination. It is well enough to urge Congress to move first; but if

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this particular reform fails, the responsibility will rest ultimately upon the President. He has the power to inaugurate it on his own motion. We hope to see him do it.

Postmaster-General Payne and Surveyor Clarkson are evidently having a lively time of it making sure that the Southern delegates do not get away from President Roosevelt. Both of these experienced political managers are reported to have been on the verge of desperation the other day, and to have averted a calamitous result only by prompt and vigorous means. It came about in connection with a North Carolina postmastership contest. Negro Republicans, in Washington to see about the appointment, were looking sullen over a report that the advice of Senator Simmons, a Democrat, had been asked by the President. Manager Payne saw that this would never do, so he engineered an "administrative intimation" that Senator Simmons's interference was regarded as an impertinence. This comforted the negroes, but drove Senator Simmons into fury. He prepared a typewritten speech, in which he was to "disclose" his relations with the Administration. But Manager Payne was equal to the occasion. He sent for Senator Pritchard and hurried him off to the Senate to stop the speech. Pritchard arrived and found his colleague, typewritten sheets in hand, ready for the onslaught, but was successful in making him die with all his music in him. Meanwhile, Surveyor Clarkson made a "flying trip" to Washington and "talked matters over" with the President. For the moment, everybody is breathing more easily; but it was a narrow escape.

All friends of good city government will rejoice that the retirement of Col. Partridge furnishes the Mayor an opportunity to have the Police Department thoroughly overhauled. The one explicit mandate of the voters at the last municipal election was that such a reform be had, by root-and-branch methods, if necessary. Now that the Department has been freed from a demonstrated failure, the field is clear for the selection of a new head who shall have the needed physical and mental vigor, the power to enforce rigid discipline, and the capacity to make himself a terror to evil-doers on and off the force. A Commissioner of Police of that type may yet retrieve the whole situation, and make the outlook for the continuance of a reform city government after next year entirely different. We confidently count upon Mayor Low's zeal in finding such a man. He simply must be found, and the work must be done. Everybody will be ready to let bygones be bygones, and heartily uphold the hands of the Administration if it only puts an edge on reform, and tireless energy into the rescue of the city from Tammany and all its ways.

A very estimable woman, high in the councils of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, takes President Roosevelt to task for harboring in the White House Mr. George F. Watts's great picture, "Love and Life." The picture, it may be remembered, was given to the nation by Mr. Watts. At the time there was some anxiety as to the proper disposal of the gift. The picture is one of Watts's finest conceptions, and superior to most of his work in execution. The composition need hardly be recalled to our readers—Life, a frail woman's form steadied along a mountainous pathway by the sturdier figure of Love. Both are nude, and so best express the artist's high thought, which is that love sustains when otherwise the path of life were too difficult to be trod. This is what a normal person of no extraordinary discernment would see in Mr. Watts's beautiful allegory. We presume that this is what President Roosevelt, the temporary custodian of this work of art, sees in it. Of course, it is possible to see it in another light. To the well-intentioned woman who has assumed the charge of the President's artistic morals, it is: "A nude woman going up a cliff in a high wind." There is an appalling truthfulness in this description, and if "Love and Life" were no more than that, we might adopt the plan of that exceptionally chaste century, the seventeenth, which employed painters to clothe the glorious nudities of the Renaissance.

It is a very barren victory that the German Government has won in passing the tariff bill; in fact, many friends of the present order see in the bill itself, and in the manner in which it was forced through the Reichstag, the beginning of industrial distress and of political disorder. The Government has asked for "a weapon" against commercial rivals—a tariff schedule so high that all who trade with Germany must sue for concessions—and now it has a weapon with a vengeance. The tariff schedules, as amended out of all semblance to their original conditions by the Agrarians, are so excessive that the *Vossische Zeitung* questions seriously if they can ever be put into effect. Of course, the case of the Government was surrendered when the Chancellor, contrary to his own protestations, accepted a prohibitive duty on barley for malting purposes. He does well to refuse the hollow offer of a prince's title for his services in passing such a bill. He must realize that, at the cost of surrender, any bill can be passed. It is a high price the Government is paying for the Kaiser's canal and naval projects, and the Chancellor has no more reason to expect fidelity in his Agrarian allies for the future than he has found moderation in the past.

More unfortunate than the victory of the German squirearchy or the grotesque tariff bill itself, is the manner in which that measure has been passed. It will raise the price of food for every workman in the German mills, it will strike at the export trade which has made Germany a prosperous manufacturing nation, it will have a tendency to bring distress upon all those not engaged in agriculture. In view of these facts, the refusal to hear the minority—the representatives of the classes most likely to be injured by the bill—was wholly indefensible. The majority had, to be sure, the pretext of suppressing deliberate obstruction; but the pretext was a flimsy one. Violent obstruction by the Social Democrats was used only against the extraordinary proposal to pass the tariff bill *en bloc*, without debate of its separate sections. It was a measure of self-defence, and, in essence, less disorderly than the gag rule of the Agrarian-National-Liberal majority. The surrender of the Government to the Agrarians and its oppression of the Socialist and Radical minority seem an excessive price to pay for a very bad tariff. The ulterior effects of the whole incident can only be to increase class prejudice in Germany, and ultimately to strengthen the anti-dynastic parties.

What would have been one of the wonders of the world a century ago was completed on December 10, when the great dam of the Nile at Assuan was formally opened. Not only is it one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times, but it bids fair to be one of the most beneficent public works undertaken by any modern Government. Completed a year before the contract time, the actual construction of this great reservoir has taken but little more than four years. It makes navigation to Wady Halfa possible throughout the year by means of a canal around the cataract. But its main object is to prevent loss of the crops and a consequent famine by storing sufficient water to supply the irrigation canals, even when the Nile flood fails to bring down its rich silt to the tillers of the soil. More than that, the reservoir will make two crops a year possible, one in winter and one in summer, and this system of double crops is counted on to make Egypt in time one of the richest countries of the world, in proportion to its area and population. No work that England has done for the natives in any of its foreign possessions surpasses its achievements in Egypt. The excellence of its administration in the Nile country is, indeed, the one justification of its failure to keep its solemn pledge to evacuate the country.

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THE COERCION OF VENEZUELA.

Anomalous and instructive features of the attempt of Germany and Great Britain to collect by force a few thousand dollars from Venezuela, crowd the daily dispatches. We have, in the first place, a revival of that sorry fiction of international law, the "pacific blockade." Neither England nor Germany has declared war against Venezuela. Their joint forces have simply committed acts of war while calling it peace. A blockade is of itself an act of war, and will surely result in war if the country against which it is directed is strong enough to resent it. Certainly, the capture and sinking of the public vessels of Venezuela is the deed of a belligerent, however stoutly he may protest his peaceful and even benevolent motives. The fact that there was an inevitably *bouffe* aspect about the seizure of the Venezuelan warships does not alter its essential nature. It is probably true that never before was an entire squadron captured by men in small boats; but it was a warlike act, despite its absurd appearance, and President Castro is quite right in asserting that England and Germany have made war upon him without declaration or notification.

The obvious truth is, that this whole notion of "pacific blockade" depends upon a denial of that fundamental postulate of international law, that all nations are legally equal and have the same rights. Military demonstrations and blockades are devices to overawe and coerce the weak. Ashamed to say that they have gone to war with so feeble a nation as Venezuela, the allied Powers engage in war, but call it peace. There have been, of course, many instances in which fleets of strong countries have blockaded the ports and coasts of the weak. Greece and Portugal in the Old World, Brazil and Mexico in the New, have been so blockaded. But the practice was specifically condemned by the Institut de Droit International in 1874, and is now generally admitted to be only an attempt to make an act of war smell sweeter by giving it another name. Woolsey puts the case tersely. When it is sought, he says, to add to the doctrine of an effective blockade and of a paper or cabinet blockade the doctrine of a pacific blockade, "we have this singular state of things offered to us: the nation injured and the neutrals declaring that there is war, the nation using the violence, that there is not. Surely a state of peace can never involve such contradictions."

That the Venezuelan authorities were fully justified in declaring that war had been levied against them is, therefore, unquestionable. International law as well as common sense has no patience with the pretence that hostilities can be labelled peaceful. But President Castro was himself guilty of a grave breach of the law of nations in seizing the persons of all British and German subjects upon whom he could lay his hands. This was to act as Napoleon did, but without Napoleon's ability to back up his decrees by force. On the strict theory of war, all subjects of the enemy would be regarded as liable to be treated as prisoners of war; but the practice and consent of civilized nations—that is, international law—admit of no such rigors. The severest treatment now allowed is to notify foreigners that they must leave the country within a given time. Accordingly, our Minister in Caracas, in whose hands German and British interests had been temporarily placed, was but doing his duty, and acting wholly within his rights, in going to President Castro to demand the instant release of the German and British civilians who had been arrested. Had not the demand been complied with, Venezuela would have had to be regarded as outside the pale of civilized nations.

The next step on the part of the allies was warlike enough. No one can read the account of the cannonading of the forts at Puerto Cabello—especially the correspondence and narration of the facts preliminary to it—without getting a very bad impression. In a situation which was, in any aspect of it, exceedingly delicate, the naval officers concerned acted like a pair of hot-heads dealing with Ashantees or Abyssinians. The action which they so impetuously resented was plainly the work of an irresponsible mob, and the proper official apology was actually on its way to them when they opened fire. It was an unfortunate business, in whatever way it be looked at, and illustrates again the perpetual hazard to which a Government exposes itself when it begins to dally with war. A hare-brained officer may at any moment throw his lighted cigar into the magazine. Then, of course, comes the cry which the German press is already raising—that the national "honor" is involved, and that it is not possible either to disavow the rash act of a subordinate or to retreat from a false position. So true is it still, as it was in Burke's time, that a mistaken sense of "dignity" may drive a nation forward to "wound itself by the use of its own weapons."

The whole affair, it is clear, has not come off according to the expectation of the Foreign Offices in London and Berlin. Venezuela has not collapsed at a show of force. It may even be that President Castro hails this foreign attack as the best means of uniting the factions which have been so long desolating the land with civil war. He has got what Seward wanted Lincoln to try for early in 1861—a foreign war as the sure guarantee against domestic strife. We may see the Venezuelans of both parties fly to arms against the foreign invader, as Guelf and Ghibelline left off their murderous quarrels when a common enemy was at the gate. It is even possible that the high-strung and reckless Venezuelans will carry out their threat of abandoning their ports, tearing up their railways, seizing the mountain-passes that guard the capital, and compelling the Anglo-German forces to dispatch a military expedition. However this may be, we have already seen a demonstration of one of the fallacies by which great armaments are often defended. It is that if you make yourself formidable, you will never really have to go to war, since a weaker nation will tremble at your lightest threat. But the attempted coercion of Venezuela has already shown, what the Boers had before written with their blood, that there is such a thing as an impetuous patriotism which recks not of odds.

So far as this country is concerned, the rôle of an interested but calm observer is clearly the one for us to maintain. If German and British officers on the spot lose their heads, all the more reason for us to keep ours, and to keep them clear of cobwebs. In the mere matter of trade advantage, we can afford to contemplate with entire equanimity the boycott on English and German goods now in full blast in Venezuela. This is likely to spread to adjoining South American republics, and to be a handicap on the commerce of our principal competitors in those parts for a long time to come. It is one of the ugly consequences of the bellicose attempts to uphold German "interests," which has already been pointed out with much force by the newspaper organ of the German Socialists, the *Vorwärts*. A military expedition to collect a debt and to extend trade is about the most wasteful and fruitless expedient known to man. One shell may undo the work of fifty commercial travellers.

In the larger political and international aspect of the Venezuelan affair, it cannot be denied that there is reason for some anxiety at Washington. Our peculiar relation to warlike occurrences in this hemisphere makes it incumbent upon the Administration to proceed with great caution. We have no reason to doubt that the Administration has made the sole application of the Monroe Doctrine which the Venezuelan premises call for. This is, that no permanent occupation of American territory be contemplated. It is understood that our Government has already given and received stipulations to that effect. The assurances of the German and English Foreign Offices on that subject have been semi-officially published. We think it would serve a useful purpose in allaying any possible excitement in Congress and throughout the country, if Secretary Hay were to make an official statement, clearing up all doubts that remain in any mind. Let the point be made plain. All that we are pledged to withstand is territorial acquisitions in this hemisphere

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by European Powers. Such we have notified them that they must not make. On that ground alone does the United States take its stand. We may think what we please of the justice or injustice of the claims made on Venezuela. The Monroe Doctrine is silent on that subject. We may feel as deeply as we are compelled to about the lack of tact and consideration which the allied squadrons have displayed. The Monroe Doctrine cannot be invoked against bad manners or brutality. As long as we have guarantees that no permanent occupation of American territory is intended, we can afford to keep perfectly cool about what is going on in Venezuelan waters. Whatever we may privately think about the magnanimity and heroism of it, we are not called upon to change our public attitude of discreet and neutral watchfulness. By adhering firmly to the course already marked out, the Administration should be able to count upon the support of Congress and the country.

"GOOD" TRUSTS AND "BAD."

Mr. Carnegie comes home full of approval for the President's plan of dealing with the Trusts on a moral basis. He is delighted at the thought of Mr. Roosevelt taking the "bad" Trusts on his grandmotherly lap for a public chastisement, while giving the "good" ones lollypops. In this, Mr. Carnegie is at one with Mr. James J. Hill of the Northern Securities Company. That gentleman is quoted in the Chicago *Record-Herald* as gravely endorsing President Roosevelt's "remedy for what are called Trusts." That remedy is "all right," affirmed the President of the Great Northern Railway Company, without a wink—or at least without one visible to the reporter—"assuming that you want to encourage what is good and prevent what is bad."

President Roosevelt's proposals in this line are eminently characteristic. His natural bent is towards moralizing. The late Speaker Reed, with his best air of preternatural innocence, used to speak of Mr. Roosevelt as "our greatest living thinker." He might well have called him our greatest moralist. No one could show more concern about other people's morals than the President does. He has more than his share of Anglo-Saxon "earnestness"—which Walter Bagehot defined as the impulse to go out and take your fellows by the throat in order to compel them to think and act just as you do. Corporations may have no souls, but Trusts have a moral nature, Mr. Roosevelt is certain; and it is his burning desire to "draw the line at conduct" in dealing with them. Conduct may be only three-fourths of life, but it is the whole of Trusts, as the President sees them.

We regret to observe, however, a ribald spirit manifesting itself in the Western press on the subject of Mr. Roosevelt's moral discriminations in the matter of Trusts. The irreverent newspaper cartoonist pictures the President taking the moral pulse of the various monopolies from which the people suffer, and awarding a halo to each one that can assume, for the nonce, a saintly expression. It is pointed out, too, that the moral quality of Trusts will necessarily vary with their politics. The Chairman of the Republican National Committee, for example, could not fail to certify to the virtues of Trusts that had made the proper contributions. Who is to be the examiner in Trust morals? What is to be the test of goodness? Shall we ask whether the Trusts pay good wages, are regular in church attendance, and are kind to their families?

Such questions sound ludicrous, but they are not more ludicrous than is the whole attempt to settle a question of law, of public policy, by irrelevant distinctions of good and bad. If the Trusts are founded upon a dangerous principle, if they operate by methods repugnant to our traditions of equity and of law, then they are all bad. If, on the contrary, their foundation is legal and their methods equitable, they are all good, in the only sense that the legislator can take cognizance of the goodness of a public institution, and should be let alone. To try to mark off the "good" Trusts from the "bad," when once you have conceded that their principle is wrong, is like talking of good and bad tyranny, good and bad oppression, good and bad slavery. We cannot legislate upon what is passing in the mind of a man, nor can we know what is passing in the mind of a Trust. All that we can ask is, "Are you violating the statute law? Do your operations contravene the prohibition of monopoly in the Common Law? Is there need of new enactments to head off your cunning in getting around old laws?" Only such questions have point, in the premises. By the answers to them alone can legislation be guided. The politician may run off on some such personal issue as will lead him to say of a given Trust, in the words of a song of the day, "It certainly was good to me"; but the statesman can look only to legal principles and legislative remedies of universal application.

For a contrast between moral fumbling with Trusts and a clear-cut description of evils to be cut out by law, one has only to turn from the President's ineffective lecture on good and bad Trusts to Attorney-General Knox's speech at Pittsburgh on October 14. In trenchant language he described the abuses committed by Trusts in violation of "the rights or recorded will of the people." These are: "over-capitalization, lack of publicity, discrimination in prices to destroy competition, insufficient personal responsibility of officers and directors, tendency to monopoly, and lack of appreciation of their relations to the people." There you have definite specifications. Mr. Knox did not stick in the bark of doubts whether, after all, some Trusts guilty of such abuses might not be "good," though some were "bad," but went as lawyer and statesman swiftly to the point of declaring that all combinations involving such, or any such, illegalities and frauds upon the public, were of a sort which the Government should "endeavor to destroy." That sounded as if it meant business. Mr. Roosevelt's delicate splitting of moral hairs 'twixt north and northwest side is, in comparison, painfully hesitant and irrelevant.

There is talk of amending the Sherman Anti-Trust Law at this session of Congress. If the thing were to be done in accordance with President Roosevelt's notion of being good to good Trusts, the first section of the amended law would read about as follows:

> "Every contract entered into for bad purposes, combination of bad men in the form of harmful Trust or otherwise, or reprehensible conspiracy in improper restraint of wholesome trade or useful commerce between the several States or foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal if its conduct be bad. Every person, unless he is good, who shall make any such bad contract or engage in any such improper combination or undesirable conspiracy shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor unless it appears that his motives were excellent, etc."

That is what we come to when we "draw the line at conduct" in drafting laws.

CHANGES IN CITY LAND VALUES.

There can be no doubt that the present is a period of unparalleled speculation in New York real estate. The prices now being paid in Manhattan are wholly unexampled. Lively speculation was a feature when Tweed was laying his boulevards and indulging in lavish improvements on the neglected West Side, but that was chiefly in unimproved property, and was not unlike the familiar booms in mushroom Western towns. There was much stir, too, when the actual development of this great section and of Harlem began, some twenty years ago; but the building then was mainly of low-priced dwelling houses and of cheap flats. It was a speculation in thousands, while the present is a speculation in millions. To-day we have a $60,000,000 realty corporation with Steel Trust alliances.

The explanation is to be found in the general use of structural steel in building; in the growing wealth of the nation; in the increasing importance of New York city as its financial, industrial, and residential capital; and in the great public improvements—rapid transit, the new East River bridges, the proposed East and North River tunnels, and the Pennsylvania terminal—now under way or projected. The American sys-

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tem of steel construction has resulted in building eighteen, twenty, and twenty-five stories high, and, as a consequence, the earning power of the land has doubled and trebled in twenty years. And this new method in building has been coincident with vast accumulations of wealth, and with its tendency to establish itself in New York. Thus nearly all the recent great combinations of capital have moved their headquarters to this city, and become large users of office space. With them has come a good-sized army of millionaires, which, in its demand for residential property in the most popular districts, has raised land values to a height never attained before. It is significant that nearly all the Steel Trust "magnates" are either building expensive houses in the best locations or are recent purchasers of them. Values in the Fifth Avenue district have increased anywhere from 100 to 400 per cent.—that is, lots which four years ago could have been purchased for $25,000, have been readily sold at $100,000. Fifth Avenue property, indeed, in the last four years, has practically ceased to be real estate. It is rather expensive bric-à-brac, restricted in quantity and greatly desired by a class of purchasers whose yearning for it is based not upon its earning power, but upon the personal satisfaction which its possession assures. The influence of the new tunnels and bridges in enhancing values, while not so picturesque, is still effective. Those parts of Washington Heights which will be made accessible by the subway have doubled in value since the beginning of that public work. The best of this property is now in the hands of powerful syndicates, which anticipate large profits when the building season arrives.

The existing real-estate speculation in New York has a tangible basis; it is, to a great extent, the result of an actual public demand. The expansion of the city which accompanies it is an evidence that it is no gaudy bubble, soon to be pricked. The growth of New York city is one of the most remarkable social and economic phenomena of the time. The boast of the Roman Emperor that he found the city brick and left it marble, is in a fair way to be outdone by the present generation of builders, who found Manhattan Island wood and stone and have left it steel. Not only have the long-established business districts been transformed, but a flourishing office section has been created in Wall Street east of Pearl, and the malodorous rookeries about Battery Park have been replaced by the present piles of marble and granite. Upon Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third, the old brownstone houses of a former age have been supplanted by eighteen and twenty-story commercial buildings. In a single year the junction of Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty-fourth Street has been transformed into a great retail centre. Thirty-fourth Street itself, once the residence of many of our most substantial citizens, is rapidly becoming a great business thoroughfare.

The increase in values in this section is strikingly shown by the fact that the Stewart mansion, which is probably the most commanding Fifth Avenue corner in the mercantile section, sold in 1899 for $63 a square foot, while only the other day an inconspicuous inside lot on the north side of Thirty-fourth Street was sold at the rate of $65. The greatest change, however, is to be seen still further north, at the junction of Broadway with Seventh Avenue at Forty-third Street. Less than four years ago, this was one of the least attractive places in town. Recently, however, a corner lot which, in 1895, was bought for $135,000, was sold for $200,000. Upon Longacre Square itself two great Astor hotels are now under construction; in the same general district, six new theatres are being built—and sites for two additional ones have been recently purchased. This section, indeed, is the coming Vanity Fair of New York; at least forty hotels of the apartment type were built there last year, and plans for twenty have been filed since the first of this year. The sudden discovery of the usefulness of the property for this purpose has precipitated a lively scramble among speculators for it; and houses which four years ago were freely offered for $15,000, now find ready purchasers at from $30,000 to $40,000. In connection with Fifth Avenue prices, it is an interesting fact that the fashionable district has been extended as far north as Ninety-first Street. Up to a year ago fashion, in its occupancy of the side streets, stopped at Park Avenue. In the last few months, however, there has been a migration as far east as Lexington; and here, too, prices have gone up 50 and 100 per cent.

The present is thus an *annus mirabilis* in the development of New York city. Yet the increase in property values has not been general; whole areas of the city have not participated in it; in others, such as the old wholesale district, values have actually gone down. It is on account of these sudden fluctuations, and the lack of uniformity in the recent rise in values, to say nothing of the fact that a certain element in present "market valuation" is inflation, that the experiment of the Tax Department in assessing real estate at its actual value is regarded with such apprehension by property interests.

A NEW BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

The controversy now on foot between the great advocate, Sir Edward Clarke, and the engaging critic, Edmund Gosse, is a very pretty quarrel. The opponents—Sir Edward as devil's advocate of modern literature, Mr. Gosse as its apologist—have each given open grounds of offence, and have crossed blades sharply. In this respect it resembles the learned duels of an older time, and not the mere scuffling methods of modern literary fence. Sir Edward Clarke has been lecturing to workingmen on "The Decay of English Literature." He has said on one occasion: "To-day we have no great novelist. Will any one suggest we have a poet? There has been no book produced in the last ten years which could compete with any one of the books produced from 1850 to 1860." Mr. Gosse took up the challenge at the dinner of the contributors to the supplementary volumes of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Responding to the toast of "Literature" and evidently alluding to Sir Edward Clarke, he maintained that the aphorism "Ne sutor" applied to eminent advocates, warned his hearers against uncharitable judgment, cited in illustration "the insensibility of Montaigne to the merits of all his contemporaries," and sat down amid the cheers of all the modern littérateurs present. So much for the beginning of the strife.

Sir Edward Clarke's *riposte* was shrewd, if delivered somewhat athwart the line of fence. He showed that the alleged "insensibility" of Montaigne to contemporary merit was a sheer post-prandial improvisation of Mr. Gosse's. Montaigne had, in fact, praised Du Bellay and Ronsard at their best as "little inferior to the ancient perfection." This very palpable hit, however, touches Mr. Gosse's illustration, not his main contention; and his question, "Is this a time of intellectual destitution or prosperity?" still awaits its definitive answer. It is more than an academic question, for upon its answer depends the prevailing tone of literary opinion, and in some sense the fame and fortune of writers of to-day. If a large body of discriminating readers are fully convinced that it is an age of literary bankruptcy, they will generally refuse to accept current notes of hand, and will draw upon the reserve of the classics. If, on the contrary, there is a general conviction that times are propitious, the chances of rising genius are greatly improved. No great work, we believe, has been written upon a theory of literary destitution.

Besides the difficulty of distinguishing a real from a false prosperity—genuine merit from genius proclaimed in three inks, and represented by statistics of advance sales—there is the greater difficulty of imagining Mr. A. the delightful novelist, Mr. B. the genial essayist, and Mr. C. the passionate poet in the light of posterity. How shall one affirm with any positiveness that Mr. Gosse, who writes so charmingly on so many subjects, and talks so acceptably at so many dinners, will a generation from now be

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as famous as Saint-Beuve or as forgotten as, say, our own very estimable Whipple? Everywhere this difficulty confronts us. We are asked to tell in advance whether Mr. James is to be invited to join Thackeray's company, or whether he is doomed to unwilling and incongruous fellowship with his namesake of the many initials and "the solitary horseman." We are required to decide whether Mr. Howells is fit to drink celestial tea with Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, or whether his consorting shall be lower—with Mrs. Oliphant, for example. From such hazardous prophecy Mr. Gosse dissuades us, urging us ever to cherish the hope that we are entertaining angels unawares, while not requiring demonstrative proof of angelic qualifications.

This is very amiable doctrine, but was it not Mr. Gosse himself who gave us the phrase "an age of great funerals"? It is hard to resist the conviction that the last years of the nineteenth century will be remembered rather because they witnessed the last work of Browning, Tennyson, and Stevenson than because they saw the beginnings of the prominent novelists and poets of the present generation. The most fervent admirers of Mr. Kipling or Mr. Hewlett, of Mr. Watson, Mr. Stephen Phillips, or our own Mr. Moody, may fairly doubt that they will ever bulk with Thackeray or Tennyson, or even with Longfellow or Charles Reade. And yet it would be absurd to speak of our age as one of intellectual destitution simply because the vast increase in the number of raw readers ready to turn raw writers somewhat obscures the literary prospect. Among both writers and readers there is more training than there ever was, and among many of the younger men a high, nay, almost an excessive, conscientiousness. What the future critics of our day will probably note, when time has swept away the chaff, is a surprisingly high level of mere execution, accompanying a rather low average of vitality.

The spacious times of literature are, after all, rare. It is something to have lived in the dying glory of the generation that knew Thackeray and Balzac, and saw the beginnings of George Meredith, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Maupassant. The literature of our time is just occasion neither for the gibes of Sir Edward Clarke nor for the unfaltering faith of Mr. Edmund Gosse. The new battle of the books is likely to end, like many a tourney, with no champion declared, but with the spectators duly edified by proclamation of a fair fight, and entertained by the sight of cold steel shown generously if innocuously.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ASPECTS OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S JOURNEY.

LONDON, November 29, 1902.

The Constitution of England, as we have all learned, has "not been made, but has grown," and this formula, if properly understood, contains in a popular and inaccurate form a great deal of important truth. The exercise by the King of his prerogatives; his relation in matters of law-making to the two Houses of Parliament; the rule, which is thoroughly well understood, though indefinite, that when there is a permanent disagreement between the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the Peers must at some point, not very precisely fixed, give way to the so-called Lower House; the very existence of the Cabinet and the extent and nature of its powers, and a lot more of practices or rules which in the aggregate make up the modern Constitution of England—are not to be found in any statute, but have developed or have grown under the stress of circumstances, and in deference to the real or supposed requirements of a given time or emergency. But though we all repeat, without much consideration of its bearing on the public life of England, the doctrine that the Constitution is a sort of natural growth, and originates rather in custom than in parliamentary enactments, few of us, unless we happen to have given special attention to Constitutional history, draw the necessary inference that, if the Constitution is a thing that grows, we ought to watch any new Constitutional practice with at least as much care as citizens of the United States would, I presume, weigh the character and probable effect of a proposed Constitutional amendment.

This reflection, obvious enough in itself, has been forced upon my attention by Mr. Chamberlain's voyage, which has now begun, to the Cape. The beneficial effects which that journey may, as we hope, produce; the possibility of Mr. Chamberlain's wished-for success in fostering friendship both between Englishmen and Boers and between England and her loyal colonists; the risk that his efforts at conciliation may fail; the confidence placed by the nation in the patriotism and the wisdom of the Colonial Secretary; the boldness of the new course of action which Mr. Chamberlain has struck out for himself—these are the sort of matters which have filled the columns of our newspapers and the speeches of our statesmen. As, in short, is natural and perhaps inevitable in the transactions of public life, everything which is personal and temporary has excited interest. What no one, or scarcely any one, has noticed, is that the course pursued by Mr. Chamberlain, and by the Cabinet of which he is a member, will in reality (especially if the novel experiment in colonial government which he is conducting be crowned with success) introduce, or tend to introduce, what is nearly equivalent to a constitutional change in the relation between the United Kingdom and the self-governing colonies.

To prevent all misunderstanding, let me add that I do not write as an assailant of the course pursued by Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues. My hope is that his visit to South Africa may be productive of benefit to England and South Africa alike; and my observation of politics has led me also to perceive that actions which appear of great importance may also, without any blame being due to any statesman, produce, after all, little effect of any kind. My aim in this letter is simply to note two circumstances: The one is, that Mr. Chamberlain's action is novel; the other is, that his action, if successful, must produce, or at any rate must tend to produce, some marked effects on English constitutionalism.

Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa is, from a constitutional point of view, a novelty. He does not go out to the Cape as a statesman who, out of office, wishes to study on the spot, with perfect freedom and without any responsibility, some difficult problems of colonial government. Mr. Chamberlain, again, is not a high commissioner, who goes out to govern a colony, and, like Lord Durham in 1838, is intended to examine the situation and possibly take energetic steps to meet the difficulties of a supreme crisis. Mr. Chamberlain goes out to South Africa as a member, and nearly, if not absolutely, the most important member, of the Cabinet. His journey is little less than the attempt of the Government of England to examine, so to speak, with its own eyes, the condition of South Africa, and in full sympathy, as we all believe, with Lord Milner, the High Commissioner, to take or advise such steps as in their judgment the condition of affairs may require. How great is the novelty, and how wide-reaching may be the import of Mr. Chamberlain's visit, will be seen by any one who considers how difficult it would be for the Government to refuse to pursue any policy urged upon their acceptance by the combined authority of Lord Milner and Mr. Chamberlain. For bad or good, we have before us a precedent set for the more or less direct intervention of the English Cabinet in the solution of the problems presented by colonial government; and among Englishmen, either at home or in the colonies, nothing has so much weight as precedent.

Mr. Chamberlain's voyage to South Africa must, especially if it attains its object, produce far-reaching effects. The simple truth is, that his journey is the open and visible sign of the conviction which is obtaining daily a greater hold on the people of England, that the tie which binds England to her colonies must somehow be drawn closer, and that the English Government must take a more active part in matters of colonial interest. Consider first the possible, though one is happy to think by no means certain, difficulties which may result from this new departure. A powerful member of the Government, who may well be within the next ten years a prime minister, appears in a colony and applies himself to the solution of the political problems which this distant land presents. But wherever there is a problem, there will also exist infinite differences of opinion as to the way in which it should be solved; and wherever, under our English system of government, there exist differences of political opinion, there must also exist marked divisions between parties. No man can please every one; no man of Mr. Chamberlain's capacity and force of character will try to please every one. However impartial his inquiries, however sagacious his judgment, he must almost of necessity offend not only individuals, but some strong party in South Africa. This is inevitable, but the direct intervention of the British Government must, turn the matter as you will, bring on the Government at home, and in a certain sense on the people of England, a direct responsibility which they have not hitherto borne

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for the policy pursued with regard to South Africa.

Then, again, what are to be the relations between the High Commissioner and the Colonial Secretary? The one has experience, the other has authority. It would be hard to find two men more likely to agree than Lord Milner and Mr. Chamberlain; still, they are both strong men, with firm convictions and strong wills. Is it certain that they will in all important matters see eye to eye? And if this unity of policy between two men who might disagree is attained in the particular instance, what is the chance that any minister who at a future time imitates Mr. Chamberlain will find it possible to agree fully with the policy of a Colonial Governor which he must certainly intend to examine (and examination, be it noted, always involves the possibility of criticism or of censure)? What, to raise another question, is to be the relation between the member of the Cabinet who has gone out to a distant colony in order to form a fair estimate of the state of affairs there, and the colleagues who have stayed at home? Surely, it is all but certain that the policy he on his return advocates must be their policy. But if this be so, the emissary sent out to South Africa, to Canada, or to Australia attains on a particular matter a kind of authority which has hitherto been supposed to belong, if to any one member of the Cabinet, then to the Prime Minister. These questions, or difficulties, which might easily be multiplied, may all be brought under the following observation: A new departure must, from the nature of things, involve some and perhaps many new perils; the policy of *laissez-faire* has its evils, not at the present day likely to be underrated, but you cannot by any possibility combine the advantages of *laissez-faire* with the advantages of active interposition. The easiness of England's relation with her self-governing colonies has to a great extent arisen from the fact that England has for many purposes not governed them at all. It may well be the case that the time for this leave-alone system has come to an end. So be it, but let no man suppose that one can in public, any more than in private life, reap the advantages both of interference and of non-interference.

Let us look now with equal impartiality on the possible, and I hope probable, gains of a bold political adventure. Its first merit is that it acknowledges plain facts which we have all been too apt to ignore. The whole course of the world's history, and, above all, the effect of scientific inventions which have drawn distant countries nearer to one another, makes it impossible for England and her colonies to stand as far apart from each other as they did fifty years ago. Imperialism, whatever may be its defects, is the result of causes so potent and real that it is vain to hope that nations can escape from their influence. Then, again, close personal intercourse between English statesmen and their colonial brethren, if it does not remove all the difficulties with which a colonial policy is beset, and may even increase some of them, must diminish the force of a feeling which may clearly do great harm, that the people of the United Kingdom are indifferent to the distant parts of the British Empire and care little for colonial opinion. And, after all, ignorance is never in reality anything else but a danger; and everything which dispels our statesman's ignorance of colonial life adds strength to the whole empire.

Mr. Chamberlain's journey, and the policy which it embodies, possess a recommendation of which it is not easy to convey the importance to any man not accustomed to reflect on the development of the English Constitution. This recommendation is, that action which may be far-reaching in its results does not involve any formal change in the fabric of our polity. Whoever has for the last ten or fifteen years noted the growth of the belief that England and her colonies ought to draw closer to one another, must have long ago perceived that this end could be achieved by one of two methods. The one method is to remodel the constitution of the empire, as, for example, by admitting to the Parliament at Westminster an appreciable body of members returned by and from the self-governing colonies. Now the one thing that is certain about such schemes is that, while they may easily fail of attaining their end, they are most assuredly full of risk. The other method is to avoid, at any rate for the time, all formal alteration in the constitution of the empire, but to meet the new wants of a new age by new practices in the art of government. The aid asked from and given by the colonies in the way of troops is one example of this policy. Mr. Chamberlain's journey to South Africa is another. This method is not showy, it does not effect at once any tremendous change; but it is, on the whole, safe. If one experiment fails, another experiment can be tried. Mr. Chamberlain's journey represents the sound kind of experimental and gradual innovation which has always, in the long run, been found in England to be the most effective, as it is the safest, mode of amending the Constitution.

AN OBSERVER.

Correspondence.

A FAIR FIELD FOR BLACK AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last issue you cited from President Roosevelt's letter certain opinions of his touching the negro race. He says: "I cannot consent . . . that the door of hope is to be shut upon any man merely upon the ground of race or color." "If . . . the great bulk of the colored people are not yet fit . . . to hold such positions, it is worth while putting a premium upon the effort among them to achieve the character and standing which will fit them." To this you say, "We know of no answer except the hoary Southern interrogatory," etc.

With the permission of the *Nation* I will suggest answers to both assertions.

Purged of metaphorical ambiguity, the first implies that the difference of race does not connote any considerable mental or moral differences. To this I might reply by asking Mr. Roosevelt if he is willing to throw open American citizenship to the Chinese. But this would be an argument *ad hominem*, and he would know better than to answer it. My reply, therefore, is, that the South has known the negro race for three hundred years, and the world has known it for several thousand, and the universal experience has been that the negro is an undeveloped creature, with the physical powers of a man and the intellectual and moral faculties of a child. If Mr. Roosevelt knows better, the burden of proof is on him. Whether the negro will ever, in the process of the ages, reach a higher plane, is known to his Creator alone; we must deal with him as he is.

To the second assertion I answer, by a question: Will the offer of a half-dozen small political offices (and certain other baits which need not be mentioned) help the negro to "achieve character"? If we may judge from the past, have they been achieving character since their emancipation? The criminal statistics of the last census are not accessible to me; but the census of 1890 shows that during the previous decade the proportionate criminality among the negroes increased 33 per cent.; that, in proportion to their numbers, the educated negroes were more criminal than the illiterate; and that, proportionately, their rate of criminality was higher in the Northern than in the Southern States. Do not these facts suggest that in helping them to achieve character we have somehow gone the wrong way about it?

W. H. B.

[We will content ourselves with saying that a single example of perfectibility in a black man, in character or in talent, is a sufficient answer to all oppressive generalizations about the natural inferiority of the negro. At this moment, the most conspicuous Southerner in the eyes of the world is a colored man, an ex-slave, an educator, whose autobiography is being translated into other languages. At the same time, the most familiar gauge of Southern white civilization to all foreigners is the awful growth of lynching since the time when cruelty was the daily privilege, if not pastime, of every member of the "superior" race.—ED. NATION.]

A REMEDY FOR LYNCHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent admirable comment on an attempt at lynching in Alabama you say, "Nothing except the administration of law and the punishment of lynchers by death or long terms of imprisonment will ever put an end to the practice of lynching." While this may be true, it is susceptible of some qualification. It is one of the truisms of experience that no law is ever enforced except at the behest of public sentiment, and I know of no way in which a sentiment against lynching can be created except by education. Such an education must obviously include the antipodes of the sentiment that breeds this crime. An analysis would undoubtedly show that lynching is born of a lack of the respect for law—which is the outward expression of the sense of justice—and an absence of kindliness. In other words, lynching is the fruit of injustice and cruelty.

Now it happens that there is a kind of education that seeks to eradicate in the human heart these very elements. Of late years school teachers have seen a great light. Many of them are now utilizing as object-lessons in the teaching of justice and kindness our brothers of the air and of the field. Most children have what may be called an instinct for pets, which is ca-

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pable of being easily stimulated and trained towards sympathy for all animal life. There is no better way of impressing upon a young mind the rights of man than by beginning with lessons in the rights of animals. And the spark of affection for a dog or a cat can readily be fanned into a flame of love towards mankind.

Humane education, as it is called, furnishes the indirect and perhaps tedious, but certain, solution for this hideous crime. The superintendent of the Detectives' Association of America furnishes the following testimony: "Within twenty-five years' experience as an officer, I know of but very few criminals who were taught to love animals, and, searching for the cause of crime, we find that the lack of humane education is the principal one." Is it possible for a man who in boyhood has been trained in the principles of justice to every living creature, to violate the constitutional right of trial by jury and the natural right to live? It is inconceivable that one in whom has been developed a tender regard for a lame horse or an injured dog should burn a human being at the stake.

Yours truly, S. R. TABER.

LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS, December 12, 1902.

AN OHIO DECISION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enclose herewith a decision by an Ohio Circuit Court (an intermediate court), and also a syllabus by the Supreme Court of Ohio reversing the judgment of the Circuit Court. It strikes me that the decision of the Supreme Court lacks moral perception and that it deserves public comment. I was not in the slightest degree interested in the case except as a citizen.

We have a statute in Ohio which prevents building of street railways along the public streets without the written consents of the owners of 51 per cent. of the property abutting on the street. The Supreme Court expressly states that "such consents are not property rights, but rights in their nature personal to each owner of an abutting lot." And then again, "Such personal rights were bestowed by the General Assembly on owners of abutting lots as a check upon the power of municipal authorities to authorize street railroads to be constructed and operated against the wishes of the owners of lots on such street." The Court then holds that there is no public policy which prevents the purchase of such consents. It is this conclusion that seems to me to be contrary to public morality.

The Legislature assumes, and it is a fact perfectly apparent, that a street railway built along a certain street may be an annoyance and an injury to the people who own property on the street, and it was the purpose to prevent such annoyance and injury and to let the owners of the property be the judges as to whether the construction of the railway would injure them. This legislation is a sort of "referendum" such as the requirements that prevail in some States that, in order to establish a livery stable or a saloon, the consents of the property-owners in the neighborhood shall be first obtained. It bears a close resemblance to the local-option laws that prevail in many States, and the reference of certain matters of taxation, issuing of bonds, street improvements, etc., to the people who are to be affected thereby. Is it not the plain intent in all such cases that the judgment of the people who are to decide the matter shall not be influenced by corrupt motives? Does public policy permit a street-railway company to inflict a damage upon the owners of 49 per cent. of the property upon a street by the purchase of the consents from the other people who own property upon the street?

It might be the honest judgment of the people in a neighborhood that a saloon or a livery stable should not be established on a fine residence square, yet the owners of vacant property upon the opposite side of the street, or within the district to which the question is referred, might be bought to give their consent. Did the Legislature, in enacting such laws, intend that such things might be? Public policy is based upon morality. T. H.

CINCINNATI, December 10, 1902.

THE DUTY ON BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Congress begins to lessen the surplus in the Treasury by cutting off sources of revenue, or if a "scientific tariff revision" takes place, the duty on books printed in England might be spared without loss to infant industries. The following is an example of the present working—not an isolated case, as I, and doubtless many others, can testify. As a member of the British Congress of Tuberculosis, the printed transactions of the Congress were recently sent to me. I do not know the market price of the four small volumes, but, as they are given to each member who paid the fee of five dollars, it is not likely to exceed this amount. The customs charges were $2.50, with sixty cents more for "warehouse." An examiner once remarked to me, when putting me through the Custom-house, that it was "no sanitarium." This recent experience makes me think he was right.

Very truly yours, GEORGE DOCK.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., December 10, 1902.

FOOTBALL ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Springfield *Republican* and the Baltimore *Sun* have published what seemed to be authentic lists of the names of young men who have been killed, and of those who have been maimed for life, on the football fields since September 10. The killed number twelve, the maimed about seventy. I do not know personally of any of the recorded deaths, but I know two instances of injuries that will last for life, only one of which is mentioned in the lists I have seen published. It is quite certain that there are some instances of serious injury which are not generally known beyond the region in which they have occurred. According to reports, four of those who were killed met death on Thanksgiving Day.

Now is it unreasonable to ask college authorities whether they cannot abolish this brutal game, or at least so modify it that it may seem less like prize-fights, and may spare modern civilization the reproach of gladiator shows? One cannot but think that leaders of thought—the men in our colleges—have unconsciously allowed themselves to drift into an approval of a form of brutishness from which they must recover upon sober thought. Let them consider twelve young lives put out, and for what? And let them consider, further, that this record of brutality is exhibited under the auspices of institutions to which we have a right to look for refining and uplifting ideals.—Very respectfully, MEDIUS.

December 5, 1902.

[In an address delivered a year ago before the Southern Educational Association at Columbia, South Carolina, but only just published, Prof. Walter Leconte Stevens of Washington and Lee University cited statistics for the football season then just ended, summing up "at least seven deaths due to football in the United States, and over seventy recorded injuries so severe as to require surgical treatment, with a large number unrecorded." Within sight of Professor Stevens's home there had been "two concussions of the brain requiring hospital treatment." The fatalities, it would seem, have nearly doubled in the twelvemonth. Professor Stevens appends some thoughtful remarks on the responsibility of college authorities and in deprecation of intercollegiate contests. How to attain localization is indicated by the rubrics—"Gymnastics a requisite for a college degree," "Athletics should stimulate gymnastics," "Athletic privileges as rewards for good college work."—ED. NATION.]

THE MUSEUM OF SAINT GERMAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please allow me to correct an error in Mr. Stickney's letter on the Museum of St. Germain, which you published in your No. 1951 (p. 398). The old chapel of our Museum, where St. Louis prayed, where Bossuet preached to Louis XIV., where James II. (Stuart) heard mass for a number of years, has *not* been "devoted to a collection of casts of prehistoric Gallic tombs." *Prima facie*, that would be impossible, because the only prehistoric tombs in Gaul of which a cast could be taken are dolmens, and one dolmen would be enough to fill the chapel. Moreover, if I had put anything "prehistoric" in a Gothic chapel, I should have given a rather displeasing idea of my taste. The truth is, that the chapel has been devoted to originals and casts of the Christian antiquities from the eight first centuries A. D., as they have been discovered so frequently in Southern France, and especially to those very interesting sarcophagi carved with figures and scenes relating to the Old and New Testament. A corner of the chapel contains the few early Jewish inscriptions which have been preserved, dating from the seventh to eighth century A. D. That is all, and it has nothing "prehistoric" about it.

May I add that this new collection of early Christian antiquities, put together in one of the most charming works of Christian architecture, well repays a visit, even from those familiar with the larger Christian museums in Rome?—Truly yours,

SALOMON REINACH.

MUSÉE DE ST.-GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, December 3, 1902.

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A VOCABULARY OF THE ITALIAN WORKS OF DANTE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an appeal for an increase of membership just issued by the Council of the Cambridge Dante Society, it is mentioned, among other requirements, that "there is great need of a new *Vocabolario Dantesco*." Perhaps I may be allowed to state that I have been for several years, and am now, actively engaged in the preparation of a complete Vocabulary of the Italian Works of Dante, which is to be published by the Clarendon Press at Oxford, uniformly with my 'Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante,' published four years ago. I declared my intention of undertaking the task at the close of the preface to my 'Dictionary,' and the work itself, which is now well advanced, has been several times mentioned in the London *Athenæum* and other English literary journals, as well as in the Clarendon Press announcements.

I make this statement in order to prevent any English or American Dante student from devoting time and labor, in response to the appeal of the Dante Society, to a laborious piece of work which has already been undertaken by another, and for the publication of which by the Oxford University Press an agreement was signed in 1898.

Paget Toynbee, D. Litt. Oxon.

Dorney Wood, Burnham, Bucks, England, November 29, 1902.

LETTERS OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the work of preparing the new edition of the Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb upon which I have been engaged for some years, I have endeavored, wherever possible, to obtain new copies of letters rather than reproduce those which are already in type. English possessors of Lamb MSS. having most cordially assisted me in this project, I take the opportunity of asking those owners of Lamb MSS. in America to be so good as to extend to me the same facilities, for without their coöperation no edition of Lamb's letters can possibly be complete. I shall be obliged if they will kindly address me in care of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, who will make arrangements for the copying or collation of the MSS.—I am yours faithfully,

E. V. Lucas.

Froghole, Edenbridge, Kent, November 28, 1902.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND COMMITTEE IN BOSTON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Allow a brief amendment to the statement of your correspondent, in your issue of November 27, respecting the formation of what President Evans, in his annual address, calls "a local committee, under whose charge we may hope the affairs of the fund in Boston will prosper."

Did "the independent supporters of the Fund in Boston" constitute, or form, this new committee placed to administer the affairs of the whole American Branch? By vote of the London Committee just one man, a non-subscriber, was asked to form so important a committee. Of the seven members appointed, three were not subscribers to the Fund; one had quite recently joined; three are attached to the Museum here, to which the appointer belongs; two of the seven are now abroad. The reorganization is radical to the extreme, as even the office of Vice-President for the United States, of an honorary nature, is taken from me, by the request of the one man who formed the Committee. No wonder there is commotion all over the American Branch, especially as it had been officially informed that "the London Committee is ever anxious that the American Branch should be administered in accordance with the wishes of American subscribers."

My circular, free to all, explains the situation. William Copley Winslow.

Founder of the American Branch, E. E. Fund.

525 Beacon St., Boston, December 12, 1902.

Notes.

A prize of six thousand dollars will be given to the author of the best book on the coincidence of science and revelation, the divine origin and authority of the Christian Scriptures, the existence of God, submitted to President Harlan of Lake Forest College, Illinois, on or before June 1, 1905, in manuscript, with triplicate type-written copies. "Scientific men, Christian philosophers and historians of all nations" may compete for the prize. The successful treatise will be published in book form, and initiate the "Nathaniel Bross Library," so called from the son of the founder of the fund (1897), William Bross of Chicago. Lake Forest Bross Lectures will also be instituted from the same endowment, and will in turn beget volumes. President Harlan should be addressed for particulars.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne proposes to issue early next year 'Odes from the Divan of Hafiz, Freely Rendered from Literal Translations,' by himself. The edition will be limited, in small and large paper, and Mr. Le Gallienne will be his own publisher. Subscriptions should be sent to him at The Schuyler, 59 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, pastor of the City Temple, London, will hasten the appearance of his life by Dr. William Adamson, already in preparation by Fleming H. Revell Co.

A new Vale Press volume, in red and black, is announced for publication by John Lane—'Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon,' in one volume, octavo. The type used is the King's Font designed by Charles Ricketts. One hundred copies have been printed for America.

A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, announces 'The Divine Question,' by Lionel Josaphare, first of the "Flame Series," devoted to literature, politics, and social topics.

A book wholly made up of light and gossipy talk about the social merits of men and women prominent in their day is not, of course, to be taken seriously. In this period of Dames and Daughters athirst for enlightenment as to the looks and bearing, the doings and sayings in the salon, of their grandmothers and others of the family, a demand may exist for such a volume as Anne Hollingsworth Wharton's 'Social Life in the Early Republic' (Lippincott). Miss Wharton does this kind of work well. Her style is easy and attractive, and pervaded by an air of refinement and good breeding. So far as delicacy of treatment is needed, the author meets every requirement. There is little that is new or original in these pages; but the reader who is taken over familiar ground, has a pleasant guide to accompany him. The book is well printed, and among the many illustrations will be found a few portraits of charming women.

'Memories of Vailima' (Scribners) is made up of selections from the diaries of Mrs. Isobel Strong kept in 1893 and 1894, and of recollections of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne during the whole Vailima period. Illustrations from photographs accompany the narrative, and some unpublished verse is included. It must be confessed that the thread of reminiscence is spun overfine by Stevenson's step-children, but here and there the book does something to explain that curious half-theatrical and wholly patriarchal household at Samoa.

The publishers of "The Makers of British Art" (London: Walter Scott Publishing Company; New York: Scribners) are to be congratulated on at least one reform. In the 'Romney' of this series the illustrations are, at last, more often from the paintings than from engravings after them, while the list of illustrations states the exact facts in each case, even to the engraver's name when an engraving is used. The text, by Sir Herbert Maxwell, makes small critical pretensions, but gives in readable form the main facts in the life of a painter as much overrated to-day as he was, for a time, unduly neglected.

But for the pressure of the holiday season we should like to give more space than we can at present command to 'Delight the Soul of Art,' a series of lectures evidently delivered in some art school (but where is not stated), by Arthur Jerome Eddy (J. B. Lippincott Co.). The book is well written and well printed, and contains another attempt at a definition of art, from which definition, once accepted, all sorts of consequences flow which would be entirely different if the definition were altered. In this respect it is like Tolstoy's 'What is Art?' though the results are not so absurd. With a great deal that Mr. Eddy says all would agree, but a great deal more seems to us fallacious. We had marked several passages for comment, but must content ourselves with this general notice.

In 'East of Paris' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Miss Betham-Edwards discourses pleasantly of a number of towns and villages lying in that direction and extending as far as Alsace-Lorraine. She writes of what pleases her, and the result is so little of a guide-book that she leaves out the cathedral from her chapters on Rheims, because it "has been so fully described elsewhere." Since there are no illustrations in the text, we can see no reason for the employment of the heavily coated paper on which it is printed. The "colored illustrations" mentioned on the title-page are only four in number, and give out very early, the last two-thirds of the volume having only a couple of process plates from photographs. The quality of the four given, however, is not sufficient to make one greatly regret the absence of others.

'Paris, Past and Present,' by Henry Haynie (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), is more like

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a guide-book, and contains a great deal of miscellaneous information, most of which is probably correct enough, though we doubt some of it, but is peculiar in the things it does not contain. The section on the Place du Carrousel, for instance, gives us a little of everything else, but no statement of when or by whom the Arc du Carrousel was erected. The next section begins, "If, however, the arch in the Carrousel is out of place"—which is the first time we have heard so—and goes on to describe the Arc de l'Étoile without mentioning the name of Rude. After that it hardly surprises us that the Pantheon can be written of without reference to Puvis de Chavannes, and the Opera-house with no mention of Carpeaux and the barest mention of Baudry. The heading of the chapter on the Théâtre-Français contains the words "Statue of Voltaire," but we have been able to find no mention of it in the text, which does, however, contain the name of a lady hitherto unknown to fame, Victorine Sardou; the printer is probably the author of her being. The illustrations, from photographs except in the case of objects no longer existing, are excellent.

In the early part of the present year our Paris correspondent gave a very extended account of Mme. Arvède Barine's 'La Grande Mademoiselle, 1627-1652.' This will dispense us from considering intrinsically the authorized English version just handsomely brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, with portraits and views, and an index. The translation, by Helen E. Meyer, adheres closely to the French, and has consequently produced correct rather than idiomatic or flowing English. The typography is bold.

Our remarks the other day about the futility of ornamental handlettering as applied to verse in magazines and books receives signal exemplification in the reissue of Arthur Upson's 'Octaves in an Oxford Garden' (Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks). We defy any one to read these pages with comfort and understanding. The lettering is by Margaretha A. Heisser, as we painfully decipher the base-line of the title-page, practically all run together. How can the poet think his work glorified by this treatment? Even the simple rule of non-division of monosyllables is violated in octave xxiii., where bid- es lifts its front beside bid- den; and, worse yet, in octave viii. we encounter kn- own!

Per contra, Joaquin Miller's overproduction is the cause of the fine type and rather cheap appearance of the revised edition of his Complete Poetical Works (San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co.). In all his prefatory advice to "the young in letters" we find nothing on this head; though a warning against writing too much would outweigh the precept, "Use the briefest little bits of baby words at hand." Reviewing his work, Mr. Miller can commend to his lovers "only the few last poems in the book." The public may prove more indulgent, according to its recollection of this amiable writer's earlier verse, and according to its patience.

It was inevitable that Mr. Marion Crawford's 'Ave Roma Immortalis' (Macmillan) should concede something from its original two-volume sumptuousness and cost for the sake of a wider ownership. The one-volume edition, revised, now issued, is in all essentials the same as its predecessor, to which we gave our suffrage just four years ago, with the caution that it is a work for the elect to whom Roman legend and history are already more or less familiar. The two-dozen full-page photographs are indeed wanting, but the spirited pen-and-ink sketches imbedded in the text remain, together with the map of Rome, the chronological table of Emperors and Popes, and the arms of some of the noble houses which had no popes.

Dickens's 'Child's History of England' reappears in a square 16mo of 500 pages, with numerous pen sketches by Patten Wilson (London: Dent; New York: Dutton). Not all the designs are worth while, the best being those illustrative of manners and customs; but naturally the "strenuous" situations are preferred by the artist.

Mr. Herbert B. Turner of Boston adds to his pretty 16mo reprints 'Commodore Trunnion's Courtship, and the Cruise of H. M. S. *Thunder*,' extracted from Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle' and 'Roderick Random'; and two volumes of Stevenson's 'Familiar Studies of Men and Books.' The Smollett has a frontispiece portrait, the Stevenson several portraits. The type is large, and the impression clear and legible.

McClure, Phillips & Co. publish a collection of new translations from Tolstoy by Mrs. Garnett—'The Death of Ivan Ilyitch'; this title covering also "Family Happiness," "Polikushka," "Two Hussars," "The Snowstorm," and "Three Deaths," most of these dating from the fifties. Of Mrs. Garnett's competence and experience in translating the great Russian author, we need not speak. The book is generously got up.

Frances Weston Carruth, author of 'Fictional Rambles in and about Boston' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), owed her readers a bibliography if not an index. She should have grouped at the end the titles of the works of fiction which she has ransacked as a pretext for this book. This would have emphasized, to be sure, the demand made upon the reader to interest himself in spots connected with incidents in minor fiction of which he may never have heard. The photographic illustrations are well chosen, excellent, and characteristic of the city.

Lilian Whiting's 'Boston Days' (Little, Brown & Co.) is of another sort. Its four chapters treat of "The City of Beautiful Ideals," "Concord, and its Famous Authors," "The Golden Age of Genius" (meaning the age of Emerson and his fellow-poets, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, and Parsons, together with Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, and Edwin P. Whipple, J. T. Fields, Mrs. Howe, and many another literary light); and "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century," of which we confess our inability to give a summary notion. There are portraits, views of homes, facsimiles of MSS. Dyed-in-the-wool Bostonians may delight to browse in these discursive biographical and semi-historical sketches, of which we could almost guarantee an indefinite continuance by the same hand.

After five years, Prof. Andrew Seth (now styled Seth Pringle-Pattison) offers a second edition of his 'Man's Place in the Cosmos, and Other Essays' (Scribners), to which we shall return no further than to notice two additional papers by title, "The Venture of Theism," a critique of Dr. Campbell Fraser's Gifford Lectures on the "Philosophy of Theism"; and a study, "The Life and Opinions of Friedrich Nietzsche."

Nor can we tarry longer over the new edition of the collectivist plea of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, 'Problems of Modern Industry,' more recently noticed by us (Longmans). The present, popular output is provided with an introduction which consists mostly of a discussion of Trusts, conveying the substance of the author's article in the *International Monthly* for February of the present year.

We can barely, in this crowded season, call attention to an unusually well-conceived series of reprints of historic rarities undertaken by the Burrows Bros. Co. of Cleveland. Three have thus far appeared—Daniel Denton's 'Brief Description of New York,' from the original edition of 1670; Charles Wolley's 'Two Years' Journal in New York,' 1701; and Thomas Budd's 'Good Order Established in Pennsylvania and New Jersey,' 1685. Not only has commendable taste been shown in the manufacture, but each work has been assigned to an expert editor—respectively, Felix Neumann, Prof. E. G. Bourne, and Frederick J. Shepard. The original title-pages are given in facsimile.

Mr. Willis J. Abbot, in 'American Merchant Ships and Sailors' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), gives a popular and fascinating account of the development of each branch of our mercantile marine—coastwise and deep-sea sailing ships, river steamboats, lake steamers, the fishing fleet, etc., etc. While written with sober accuracy, the book yet reads like a romance, so happily is the yarn spun. It deserves wide appreciation, especially at this Christmas season, for its matter and manner, as well as for the attractiveness of the publishers' part. To the youth who seeks amusement, and to his father who seeks information, it will be alike welcome. Although its modest purpose is to interest the general reader in the truth and the romance of seagoing from colonial days to the present time, it only lacks a bibliography to make it of real value to the student of history. It is injudicious, to say the least, to hold up the leader of the Greely expedition as hero and model, and unfair to charge the expedition's ghastly record, which merely proves the folly of setting a landsman to do a seaman's work, against the American sailor, who has misadventures enough of his own to answer for without borrowing from the soldier.

A 'Treatise on the Law of Intercorporate Relations,' by Walter Chadwick Noyes (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), ought to prove a valuable addition of a novel sort to legal text-books. It deals with the sale and leasing of one corporation to another, merger, consolidations, combinations, conspiracies, monopolies, the Federal Anti-Trust statute, and State Anti-Trust statutes. The author is a judge of the Connecticut Court of Common Pleas. As we understand him, one underlying theory of the book is that a combination of capital may be unlawful without being a conspiracy. In chapter iii. will be found some extracts from judicial decisions bearing on the pending Northern Securities merger case, together with some principles which the author regards as established, but which seem rather in conflict with one another. The book is marked by accuracy and moderation of statement.

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The Government Printing-Office has published by order of the Secretary of War 'Reports on the Law of Civil Government in Territory subject to Military Occupation by the Military Forces of the United States,' by Charles E. Magoon (Washington). The author of these reports is law officer of the Division of Insular Affairs. Most of them embody opinions relating to routine business. One or two involve broad Constitutional and politico-legal questions, such as the legal status of the islands, the powers of the military governments in the islands, and the doctrine that the Constitution extends to them *ex proprio vigore*.

Messrs. Curtis & Cameron of Boston send us a new catalogue of their Copley Prints, which include hundreds of the best examples of our modern American painters, besides a selection from foreign art and the old masters. The list is arranged alphabetically by artists, and small half-tone cuts, grouped several on the page, at once are a convenience to the intending purchaser, and make the book a thumbnail record of our contemporary painting. A more scrupulous care in recording the place and ownership of every picture would not cost the publishers great pains in the next edition, and would be a feature greatly appreciated by students and collectors.

The Antarctic regions are the subject of the opening article in the *Annales de Géographie* for November, in which the author, M. Zimmermann, calls attention to the fact that few of the many problems which this region presents have been solved. Nor is it to be expected that the expeditions now engaged in its exploration will add much to our knowledge of the topography of the continent. In an account of Algeria, stress is laid upon the fact that it is a land of contrasts, both in its physical conformation and in its inhabitants. "It has no natural centre. Although there are some places whose importance has never been completely effaced, its capitals have, so to speak, travelled across the land in the course of its history." This great contrariety adds much to the difficulty of its administration as well as of its development. Professor Douxami describes the middle valley of the Rhone, and M. Gallois defends the authenticity of the letter of Toscanelli to Columbus against the arguments of Henry Vignaud.

—The preparation for the sale by auction of the late Henry G. Marquand's collection of works of art has involved the getting-up of an illustrated catalogue to which a great deal of labor and thought has been given. That which will attract the greater number of lovers of fine art will be, perhaps, the set of plates produced by photographic process and accredited to A. W. Elson & Co. of Boston. There may be seventy of these full-page plates, and many of them contain a great number of separate objects: thus, while five plates contain each three or six or ten vases of Chinese porcelain, three are devoted to Japanese treasures, four more to Greek ceramics, including statuettes and groups, and six to rugs and tapestries. Two of the most interesting plates are those which show Hispano-Moresque dishes and round plaques. Three of them give the three pieces of Della Robbia ware well known to all persons who visited Mr. Marquand's house. If next we consider the twenty plates devoted to paintings, we find some rarities and some treasures of a sort not requiring rarity to make them precious. There is an admirable landscape by Theodore Rousseau, and, to contrast with it, a really notable Constable, "Dedham Vale." There is a portrait by Romney, and another by the less known but equally respectable John Russell, the miniaturist. There are two Hoppners, one Reynolds, and an authentic portrait of Charles Lamb by Sir Henry Raeburn. Three water-colors by J. M. W. Turner are grouped upon one plate. The frontispiece is that portrait of Mr. Marquand himself, by John S. Sargent, which is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Concerning the text (for a *catalogue raisonné* like this may be said to have a text), it appears that, the paintings and the tapestries taken together, the Japanese pottery and lacquer, the Oriental rugs, the Limoges enamel, the antique glass, the Greek ceramics and metal work, the intaglios and gems, the prints, and finally the books, have had each the especial care of a person thought to be master of the subject. Elaborate articles follow the names of the pieces in the department of enamels, and these, with an intelligent prefatory note, are ascribed to Mr. Roger Riordan. This department is, however, a small one, of necessity: there are not many fine surface enamels in the world. The department of Oriental rugs is larger—some fifty items; and here, also, a proportionately thorough examination is evident, the little understood significance of the flower patterns and Persian or Arabic symbolism having been carefully worked out, as far as conditions might allow, by Mr. John Kimberly Mumford. The brief notices given to the three Robbia bas-reliefs may be thought to be the work of Mr. Marquand's son, Prof. Allan Marquand of Princeton, well known as having studied with especial care the work of the great Luca and his successors and disciples. A brief introduction has been furnished by Mr. Russell Sturgis.

—Valuable to purchasers of Japanese art works and bric-à-brac is 'Mythological Japan,' by Alexander F. Otto and Theodore S. Holbrook, published by Drexel Biddle of Philadelphia. Bound in raw Shikii silk, with embossed pages which are folded double at the edge, in Japanese fashion, with the backgrounds and shadow tints appearing on the silk-like paper throughout the book, we have a dainty product from beyond the Pacific. Four of the inserts are mounted on mats of knotless *kiri* wood, and there are sixteen panels and full-page plates in color, with numerous illustrations of mythological subjects, marginals of Oriental symbols, and reproductions of subjects in noted collections. Besides happily reproducing the work of Japanese artists, the object of the compilers has been to interpret the symbolism of the Far East, even to the colors themselves, which have significance by their constant association with certain lines of ideas. Storks, bamboo, and lotus have been very happily treated. The picture, on page 27, of the carp making strenuous attempts—not always crowned with success—to surmount the waterfalls is a noted instance of optimistic symbolism; for as the sluggard is exhorted to go to the ant, so is the ambitious youth pointed to the leaping carp. In the case of the longer legends, the complete story, though in condensed form, is given in text on the same page with the symbol; perhaps the most notable instance being, so far as artistic power and interpretation are concerned, that on page 37 of Kiyohime, "the personification of disappointed love" and a famous character in the classic opera, or *No*. The description of the "Hara Kiri" (hara-kiri), being in the present tense, would almost imply its survival at the present time. It might have been added, though the text nowhere suggests it, that the only difference between hara-kiri and *seppuku* is purely verbal, being the same as that between belly-cut and abdomen-opening, the more elegant Chinese term being used for the plainer vernacular. Some slight acknowledgment of the literary sources in English from which not a little of the text, especially that on the dragon and phœnix, has been derived, would not have been out of order.

—It was a happy thought in Miss Carolyn Wells to make her 'Nonsense Anthology' (Scribners), and few could be better fitted for the task than one whose precept and verse assure her attitude towards this important department of literature—an attitude compounded of reverent adherence and the expert's sense of humor, with this still further specialized into an unerring flair for whatever stamps humor as nonsense. Nonsense (technical nonsense, be it understood) has a claim of long descent. In this collection are early English examples dating back to 1617. The assembly of authors is gentleman-chaperoned (for it is instructive to find but three women's names among those of contributory writers, whatever our suspicions may be as to certain anonymous verses) by such dignity as Ben Jonson, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Milton, and Bishop Corbet, who in the seventeenth century writes verses beginning "Like to the thundering tone of unspoke speeches." Lear, of course, Gilbert, and Lewis Carroll figure prominently, but hosts of others sit up worthily with these kings. We must venture, in spite of the illustrative anecdote, to take exception to a statement in the preface that "it is a fact that among the general reading community the appreciators of Lewis Carroll are surprisingly few." But even this trifling stricture is needless, since, if the capable editor is mistaken on this point, correction's tidal wave will swiftly overtake her. The indexes are satisfying, the make-up trim and commendable; the volume is one that "no family can afford to be without." We are persuaded that the compiler will feel that it has served its purpose if it sends its readers to the great originals; and should it thus be made the humble instrument of acquainting them with nonsense dignified by age, and with their Gelett Burgess, their Oliver Herford, their Owen Seaman, their Peter Newell, it will not have been collected in vain.

—Bishop Lawrence's 'Roger Wolcott' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a brief but effective biography. There was no ecclesiastical bond between the Governor and his biographer, but a friendship of forty years' continuance, the warmth of which is felt throughout the book. Believers in heredity will take fresh courage from a genealogical chapter which traces back the lineage of Gov. Wolcott to Oliver Wolcott, a signer of the Declaration, and his father, Roger Wolcott, Governor of the Connecticut Col-

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ony. A pathetic chapter is that which describes the brothers of our time, Roger and Huntington Wolcott, the latter enlisting when but seventeen years old and dying just as the war-drums stopped beating. There was sensible deepening of the younger brother's nature by this tragic loss. At Harvard, Roger was a member of that class which was the first to receive its degrees from President Eliot, and his class-day oration was so good as to fasten itself on the memory of a war-worn veteran, Gen. Sherman. A chapter which describes him as "A Citizen" has for its climax his support of Cleveland in 1884, the more remarkable because he was, like George William Curtis, a strong party man. After the election he insisted on his regular standing in a Republican caucus, and so successfully that in 1885 he was sent as a delegate to the Republican State Convention. But his "treachery" was not forgotten, and in 1892 he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor by 499 votes against 473 opposing. Nevertheless, he ran so much ahead of his ticket that he was elected, and yoked, not unequally, with a Democratic Governor, the late William E. Russell. It is doubtful if the two offices were ever better filled. The chapter on Wolcott's accession to the Governorship and his conduct in that office refreshes our memory of his courageous action in defiance of the labor agitators and the Spanish war "veterans" making monstrous claims. There are many extracts from his speeches which are conclusive of his ability to invest sound political ideas with a glowing style. In the Spanish war he made the best of a bad business, and did much to alleviate its horrors. His untimely death gives to the association of his name and fame with Gov. Russell's a more poignant note. Six portraits, from childhood up, of a face of striking beauty constitute a very notable addition to the pleasure which the book assures.

—In the second edition of his 'Money and Banking' (Boston: Ginn & Co.) Mr. Horace White has done much more than bring down to date the facts, and up to date the discussion of the facts, relating to that more than ever timely subject. The work has been practically rewritten, though it retains, of course, the characteristic features of the original edition, with the exception of such parts as had special reference to controversies now to be regarded as obsolete. To the general subject of silver and bimetallism much less space is devoted than in the first edition, which appeared in the fall of 1895. The fulness and interest, however, of the illustrations from American history which the sub-title of the book promises are entirely unimpaired. In our review of the first edition we remarked that, "apart from a few short chapters, the exposition of principles has the appearance of being brought in incidentally, as though suggested by the events of the story, rather than as constituting the central object of the work"—a mode of treatment calculated to be extremely attractive to the general reader, but not fully satisfactory to the economic student. The rewriting of the work has been largely occasioned by the author's desire to cast it into a form more adapted to systematic study, and in this he has succeeded without sacrificing the freshness or changing the essential character of his original presentation. The part relating to the subject of banking in its broader aspects has been greatly enlarged, and in its present shape will be found invaluable by those desiring to understand the current discussions on that subject in this country. We note the misprint "millions" for "thousands" in the line preceding the table referring to the Scotch banks (p. 397), and the same slip in the corresponding place as to the Bank of France (p. 406), and as to the German Reichsbank (p. 410). Among the appendices is one devoted to the Indianapolis Monetary Commission's plan for a national bank currency, and another to the Fowler bill; Mr. White gives a cordial endorsement to the former.

MORE BOOKS ON ART.

William Hogarth. By Austin Dobson. With an Introduction on Hogarth's Workmanship, by Sir Walter Armstrong. London: William Heinemann; New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

Turner. By Sir Walter Armstrong. London: Thomas Agnew & Sons; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

Constable and his Influence on Landscape Painting. By C. J. Holmes. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

Pintoricchio (Bernardo di Betto of Perugia): His Life, Work and Time. By Corrado Ricci, Director of the Brera, Milan. From the Italian by Florence Simmonds. London: William Heinemann; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902.

Luca and Andrea Della Robbia and their Successors. By Maud Cruttwell. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

Nineteenth-Century Art. By D. S. MacColl. With a Chapter on Early Art Objects, by Sir T. D. Gibson-Carmichael, Bart. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan Co. 1902.

William Morris, Poet, Craftsman, Socialist. By Elizabeth Luther Cary. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902.

Frederick Walker. By Clementina Black. (The Popular Library of Art.) London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Books could hardly vary more in physical presence than do these eight, from the ponderous folios on Hogarth, Turner and Constable, and the splendors of colored illustration of the 'Pintoricchio,' to the modest little volume of the "Popular Library of Art"; but they are all entitled to serious consideration for one quality or another, and the order of bulk is as good as any in which to consider them.

The two great books on Hogarth and Turner, though from different publishers, are really companion volumes, and both will match in size and general appearance the splendid publications on Reynolds and Gainsborough which have been brought out in the last year or two by Heinemann in London and Scribners in New York. The literary quality of Hogarth has always tempted writers aside from the consideration of his artistic merit, and Mr. Austin Dobson's text, which is not new, is no exception to the rule. His criticism is founded, generally, on the plates rather than on the original pictures, and concerns itself rather with the story-telling and the psychology of the artist than with his power of pictorial composition or of painting. Recently a reaction has set in, and the world has discovered that Hogarth was really a considerable painter as well as a satirist. Under this reaction the illustration of this volume has been planned, which does justice for the first time to Hogarth's pictures, and Sir William Armstrong has been induced to add an introduction dealing with the painter as a workman. In this we think the reaction has carried him too far, and leads him to minimize the stepping aside from art for moral and literary ends of which Hogarth was undoubtedly guilty. That artist was a sound painter, if not a brilliant one, and had a good deal of pictorial feeling; but it is surely not true that he "has so wedded probability to æsthetic fitness, over the course of long histories, that at no point can we stop and say, 'There comes in the story-teller; there we have a detail that was not wanted in the pictorial scheme.'" Surely his continual recourse to *written* information of the names and actions of his characters, in letters or papers which could not possibly be read at the supposed distance of the spectator, is dictated alone by the wants of the story-teller. The declaration, on the basis of the etching of Simon Lord Lovat, that Hogarth was "potentially a great sculptor," seems to us another case in which Sir Walter has been carried beyond the bounds of sober criticism by the new interest in an art which has been neglected while the artist was over-praised for everything else.

At any rate, Sir Walter Armstrong has always something to say, and of Turner he has so much to say to the purpose that one is led rather to regret the sumptuousness of the volume in which his text appears as likely to distract attention from his criticism. In spite of its splendid illustration, this book is so far from being a mere picture-book that we consider it the best analysis of Turner's genius that has yet appeared, and regret extremely that we are not to have it in a cheaper, smaller, and more readable form. We have heard so much of Turner as a great creator, and have seen so much of his recklessness of local and even of general truth in the effort to render his gorgeous visions, that it seems at first paradoxical to maintain that he was rather an illustrator than a creator, and that Ruskin was right, after all, in thinking him a worshipper of nature, though wrong, precisely on that account, in thinking him the greatest of artists or even of landscape-painters. This, however, is what Armstrong maintains, with great ingenuity, and, as it seems to us, with great justice, explaining that lack of appeal of Turner's works to many artists who are constrained to admit his power and knowledge, but cannot like him. What many must long have felt, more or less dimly, Sir Walter Armstrong has clearly formulated. His argument is somewhat scattered through different parts of his book, and we shall endeavor to condense it and put it into our own words.

In the first place, then, Turner was no decorator. He cared for no art but painting, and cared for that primarily as an illustration of nature, not as a thing by itself. Many painters, at first sight much

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more realistic than he, are more truly creators. Take Corot as an instance: he thinks in pictures, and creates a harmony of tones and forms as his first business; he can stick pretty close to the facts of a given scene, and yet his subtle modulations and modifications produce something which is really entirely independent of the facts, and even of nature itself, for its essential quality. Turner had little of this instinct for making a picture of the simplest materials; the materials themselves are what interest him most, and he crowds his canvas with myriads of them; they are never splendid and varied enough to express his excited interest in natural beauty and grandeur, so he enlarges and alters and falsifies them, not to create a work of art, but to make the scene itself more magnificent and spectacular than it really is. He spent half his life pitting himself against this or that artist of the past, and yet he never understood their art, and thought he had surpassed Claude or Poussin when he had put more natural fact into their framework; not seeing that the amount of fact contained was the thing of least importance. He had a prodigious industry, a colossal appetite for observation, and acquired a vastly greater stock of knowledge than any other landscape-painter; but he was less a painter than almost any of them, and had, at least in oils, no respect for his material and little for the limits of his art. His interest in nature gradually swung from the facts of things to the phenomena of light, but it was always the illustration of nature that interested him, and the intensity of this interest drove him continually to attempt the painting of the unpaintable. He admired the landscape of Italy, and he tried to put it all in one frame; he was interested in moonrise at sunset, and he put the moon and sun on the same side of the heavens. He had the pre-Raphaelite adoration, without the pre-Raphaelite humility, before nature; no one scene, no one quarter of the horizon, no one hour of the day satisfied him, but he must jumble all together, producing a kind of wonderful nonsense, glorifying nature by defying all its laws. He is audacious, energetic, powerful, but never self-restrained; he puzzles, shocks, excites, overwhelms, or merely disgusts, but he seldom pleases. Because, with all his "splendid lies," he yet hints at more natural truth than any other painter, he will remain, to the Ruskinian, the greatest of painters; to the lover of art it will always seem that many modest talents are more truly admirable.

Only a trifle less imposing in size and wealth of illustration is the volume devoted to another English landscape painter, who, though his genius is less striking than Turner's, has had a vastly greater influence on the art of the world. Turner's chief advocate, Ruskin, could see little or nothing in Constable's work, as he never learned to see anything in that of Constable's legitimate successors, the so-called Barbizon School. To-day we look upon these latter as the greatest landscape painters of all time, and consider it one of the glories of England that an English painter should have been an appreciable factor in the formation of their style. By means of three preliminary chapters on the art of landscape before Constable and two chapters on Constable's successors, Mr. Holmes has made his book an essay on the development of landscape art, into which is sandwiched a sufficiently detailed life of Constable himself. In such a review it is rather surprising how little the influence of Turner counts for. His scenic grandeur has counted for nothing at all in an art that has steadily grown more intimate, until the painter whom he may most have influenced by his key of light, Claude Monet, could spend his best efforts on a haystack. Constable's own influence Mr. Holmes is not inclined to exaggerate; though he does not minimize it. When the Romantic revolution was beginning in France, and the younger artists were trying to revive the art of painting, it was natural that they should be affected by the only school in Europe in which painting was still alive, the English. Bonington was an Englishman, and Géricault had spent years in England. In 1824 Constable and Lawrence exhibited in the Salon, the one receiving a gold medal and the other the Legion of Honor, while Delacroix was induced by the sight of Constable's pictures to repaint the background of his "Massacre of Scio" in a fresher key of color. It is true that at this time Rousseau was only twelve years old and Corot was not yet an exhibitor, but it was far from the last time that Constable's pictures were seen in France, and his influence was not exerted entirely through Delacroix. It was not dominating, but it was assuredly one that counted, and it was exercised in the direction of those peculiarly modern qualities, simplicity and intimacy of subject and truth of natural color and effect. Delacroix himself called Constable "le père de notre école de paysage," title enough to immortality.

If Turner was no decorator, Pintoricchio was nothing else. The lavish illustration of the present volume, much of it in colors, gives a better opportunity of judging his work than could anything short of an Italian journey devoted to him, and the result is but to confirm our impression of his essential insignificance. Only in an odd portrait or two does he show anything approaching serious artistic qualities. It is not merely that his drawing and painting, as such, are poor, but even the higher decorative qualities are absent, and he rather enriched the walls on which he painted than truly beautified them. He covered them with ornament and gold and bright colors, and produced a splendid and brilliant effect, but the harmonies of line and space that make the greatness of a Raphael are as lacking as the harmonies of light and color that make a Veronese. Signor Ricci lavishes the resources of connoisseurship in attempting to show which parts of the decoration of the Borgia apartment are by the master, and where we see the hands of his assistants; but really the difference of quality is so slight that the matter is of no importance whatever. It is all good enough for its purpose, which is the decorative effect of the whole; and for that effect we know that Pintoricchio was responsible. His one merit is that of an *entrepreneur* of decorations, and no one cares how many hands were employed in the actual work. That of his own, too, is little better than or different from the rest.

It is only when it becomes possible that Pintoricchio employed a greater man than himself that the question of his assistants assumes any real interest. Did or did not Raphael have anything to do with the work in the Siena Library? Vasari and tradition say yes; Signor Ricci says no. The drawings in the Venice Sketch Book prove anything or nothing, according as we decide who did them, but the best authorities seem still to leave some of them to Raphael. The very uncertainty would seem to point to *some* connection between the two painters. That Pintoricchio's methods were known to Raphael and greatly influenced him in the first of his own decorations in the Vatican, the "Disputa," is certain; but this does not prove that Raphael had been actually Pintoricchio's assistant. The question must finally be decided on the basis of a number of scattered drawings, and we must regret that the illustration of the present volume is here lamentably incomplete, and that the drawings are not given. Even Signor Ricci admits that one or two of them are by Raphael, but maintains that Pintoricchio used them as he had before used certain sketches of Orientals by Gentile Bellini. The most important of them, the squared sketch for the first of the compositions, now in the Uffizi, he "accepts as by Pintoricchio himself," and lets it go at that, without mentioning the chief arguments of Claude Phillips and others to prove that it is Raphael's. Were the drawing reproduced, as it is by Phillips, the reader might judge, and we do not see how he could judge otherwise than that Phillips is right. We may concede that the frescoes "do not contain a single touch from Raphael's brush"; but that Raphael, whether as paid assistant or complaisant friend, furnished the sketch for the first and specimen composition, seems to us to admit of little doubt.

Miss Cruttwell's book on the Della Robbias is a modest, conscientious, thorough, and scholarly study, and probably comes as near to disentangling the work of the several members of that prolific family as is possible at present. It is likely, for some time to come, to remain the leading authority for students, while its illustrations make it a possession for the general art-lover. In her high and deserved admiration for Luca's art, Miss Cruttwell cuts down the works attributable to him to their narrowest limits; her conservatism yielding in only one case that we have noted. She and Professor Marquand are a minority of two in attributing to the founder of the school the beautiful "Visitation" of San Giovanni Fuorcivitas, Pistoja, a work in every way worthy of his hand.

It would be difficult to find a book in which the text and the illustrations have a less intimate connection than in 'Nineteenth-Century Art.' Mr. MacColl, having been asked to write an accompaniment for a selection of pictures from the loan collection of the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901, has given us an essay on the development of painting and sculpture in the nineteenth century, together with separate notices of the most important artists of that period. Both picture and text are good, and the text is the better for its freedom from the petty care of conformity to the pictures. The chapter on "Art Objects" deals more directly with the matter illustrated, but in its turn has nothing to do with nineteenth-century art. Mr. MacColl's discussion of the tendencies of modern painting, particularly of the growth of

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that new view of color which is broadly called "impressionism," is admirable on the whole, but he seems to us to confuse still more the already confused use of the word "values." It is getting to be impossible to tell what any one means by "values." Fromentin, who perhaps first used the word in literature, meant the degree of dark or light of any color as distinguished from its hue, and generally referred it to masses of what painters call "local color" without much regard to small variations of light and shade. Later it came to include, in painters' language, all degrees of variation of light and dark from whatever cause, so that a picture was just in "value" if the variations of light and dark were truly noted, whether or not it possessed color, and even if it were done in monochrome. Mr. MacColl now extends it to cover the different *hues* of light and shadow under colored light, and, by making it mean too much, makes it mean nothing. He is taking for an example a snowy landscape under colored light, and says: "Each different angle and facet of the snow presents us with a different hue and a different tone, and the high reflecting power of the snow makes the difference of color more striking than the difference of tone. . . . All this is resumed in modern parlance under the term 'value'." He goes on to speak of conditions under which two lights should be "equal in tone" and differ only in hue, and he seems still to consider that the difference is a difference of "values." A painter would say that the lights differed in color or hue, and *not* in value. It is much to be wished that critics could agree on their vocabulary and restrict "value" to degree of light and dark; "color" to the variation of hue; and "tone" to the just combination of "value" and "color." As it is, "tone" is an even harder-worked word than "value."

We have not space to consider in detail Mr. MacColl's criticisms of individual figures in modern art, many of which show a clear and acute vision. His interest in modern technical problems grapples with and overthrows his insular partialities, and his mild depreciation of some of the greatest of British artists who are not "modern" is occasionally amusing.

If it were only for the illustrations, which give an idea of what he actually did in several of the arts of design, Miss Cary's single volume would give a better picture of William Morris than the two of Mr. Mackail's official biography, but the written picture also gains in clearness what it loses in detail. We see the whole man and the connection between the several and various parts of him, and find, as the thread running through everything, from his poetry to his Socialism, the curious sham-mediævalism which led him to concoct an almost unintelligible vocabulary for his later writings, and to design a Gothic type when he wanted to make printing easy to read as well as beautiful to look at. He always mistook his emotions for reasoning, and his emotions were stirred only by what was old. He "wanted to make John Bull over again into John Calf," as Charles Reade said, and his ultra-conservatism led him into Socialism, because the modern world was so intolerable to him that he was willing to destroy it altogether rather than acquiesce in it as it stood. A few years' experience convinced him that he had really nothing in common with the agitators among whom he found himself, and he drifted back into amiable dilettantism and the futile effort at reviving the art of the past instead of improving that of the present. He made the effort pay, as far as he was personally concerned, but we cannot think he will have any great influence on the future as regards either the conditions of artistic production or the style of art produced, though he undoubtedly contributed greatly to the revival of interest in the minor arts.

People still seem to take an interest in the diluted pre-Raphaelitism of Fred Walker, and this artist, whom Mr. MacColl dismisses with a few lines, is the subject of one of the little volumes of the "Popular Library of Art," a volume far from equal to some of its predecessors in interest of subject or mastery of treatment, though it is a very good book in its way. We must confess that, for us, as for many others, the best of Walker's production is contained in his illustrations and the water colors founded on them, like the "Philip in Church"—things in the vein of Millais's black-and-white work. His more ambitious oil paintings, such as "Vagrants," "The Plough," and "The Harbor of Refuge," are vaguely disquieting and unsatisfactory, and at first one wonders why. Critics who have felt this have usually traced the fault to the pseudo-Greek air of some of the figures, and Miss Black quotes some of them to that effect. Mr. Claude Phillips speaks of one figure as "aggressively Phidian in its calculated classic grace," and of another as "more classical still than the fustian-clad divinity of 'The Old Gate,' and more self-conscious"; while Ruskin speaks of "the ridiculous mower, galvanized Elgin in his attitude." Upon this Miss Black very properly comments: "Let us grant that both figures do resemble Greek statues; let us even suppose that some contemporary of Phidias had left a statue in this very pose of the mower—what then? If Walker's figures are true to that of which they and the Elgin marbles alike are but reflections—to life, that is, and to the natural, unstudied movements of human action—why complain of what the later presentment has in common with the earlier." At first blush this seems unanswerable. Why, indeed, should that very studied beauty which is a merit in classic sculpture become a fault in modern painting? And yet one instinctively feels that Ruskin and Phillips are right.

We think the key to the difficulty is to be found in another part of this volume. Walker's "one recorded saying" about art is given on page 15, and it is that "composition is the art of preserving the accidental look." That is the saying of a man who had little feeling for composition, and it is the lack of composition that spoils Walker's later work. Classic figures demand to be seen in classic compositions and with classic backgrounds. As long as Walker's figures were as "accidental" as his backgrounds and his composition, everything was at least harmonious and enjoyable in its own way. When he began to give us studied and classic poses, the eye resented the absence of great lines of composition and the presence of unassimilated accident in the landscape, and found his work inharmonious and baffling. Perhaps if he had lived, he might have learned to treat the landscape as he did the figure and thus secure a graver harmony. Perhaps, as some of his latest work seems to show, he would have gone back to something like his earlier method. It seems symptomatic of natural weakness that the painter of the French school who most impressed him was Jules Breton.

ELLWANGER'S PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

The Pleasures of the Table: An Account of Gastronomy from Ancient Days to Present Times. By George H. Ellwanger. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902. 8vo, pp. 477.

George H. Ellwanger, M.A., is a man (for his observations on truffles would, by themselves, suffice to persuade us of the error of 'Who's Who in America' in making him his parents' *daughter*), and is, indeed, a well-known author, not destitute of wit, and an adept at handling the pen. Nobody will expect to find here the *esprit* and steely style of Brillat-Savarin—a mere knack, after all, since Balzac could exactly imitate it throughout a whole volume. But this work has the advantage of being agreeable reading, and not that revolting mixture of physiology with appeals to the reader's personal consciousness. Its tasteful covers enclose hardly a single page that is not positively entertaining. The writing has all the lightness and propriety that its subject demands, with a certain appropriate aroma of French, as indefinable as that of a dish of fresh truffles still covered by the napkin, a just-opened bottle of Léoville-Poyferré alongside of it—

"Et je ne comprends pas quel expert inhabile
A pu dans les seconds classer le Léoville,"

says a poet worthy of Mr. Ellwanger's attention, Biarnez—mingling its perfume. There are no Gallicisms in the syntax nor in the acceptations of words; the English is irreproachable, is scrupulously, almost fastidiously, correct. There are a great many translated passages of some length, both in prose and in verse; and these are done so deftly (where the versions are not borrowed) that it is a pleasure to compare them with the originals. The style is plastic, shaping itself to the subjects of the different chapters. There is in it, through the greater part of the volume, a dash of Charles Lamb, very suitable to a book about books, so long as it is not so strong as to seem put on. For, mainly, this is a book about books, a sufficiently complete history of gastronomy.

Of original discussion of nice questions of preference in eating there is not very much. Nor can we regret it. If there be any direction in which the author's discrimination is less unerring than the laws of nature, it is just in this matter of eating and drinking. From a writer who would heat a dining-room to 70 degrees or 73 degrees, who pronounces that Mohammedans and Hindus have no cuisine worthy of the name (thereby calling to mind one of the lightest, most appetizing, and best-wearing of the dishes of this sublunary orb, pilaf, not to speak of kabobs, of those *entrées* into which the gourd enters, nor of those wonderful concoctions of mince-meat and esculents that are cooked in hermetically sealed porous earthen vessels; calling to mind, too, so original and satisfactory a repast as one of which a good curry forms the centre); who prefers the veal of "Germany," taken indiscriminately, to that of

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French Lorraine, and the *pré salé* of Normandy and Brittany to the wild mountain mutton of Asia Minor; who holds that the sweet breath of the lettuce ought to be contaminated with that of onions, instead of being wafted to the empyrean on the cherub wings of garlic; who praises what is coarsest and indigestiblest in the "American cuisine," and overlooks the many delicacies that abound on humble tables scattered through our remote districts—from such a writer we can content ourselves with receiving but a meagre nosegay of his gastronomic decisions. His erudition, on the other hand, is boundless, or bounded only where print is bounded; and some of his chapters must perforce have resulted from his own researches, since there are no secondary authorities from whom they could have been drawn. He need not fear that any reader can fail to appreciate the range of his acquaintance with the books. In giving passages from Dionysius of Sinope, from Cratinus the Younger, from Philemon, from Hegesippus (whom he calls Hegesander), from Artemidorus Aristophanius (whom he calls Artemidor), and from other such, there was no occasion for assuming an air of having searched their writings through, since the learned and the simple will otherwise be sufficiently impressed with the author's industry, while everybody particularly interested in gastronomy will know perfectly well what the single source of all those fragments is.

The work is one of real value; but if we are asked whether or not it is accurate, we shall be reminded of a question and answer once overheard in a Nahant barge: "Is Asy's wife pious?" "Well, she's *'piscopal*-pious." So of this book, we may say that it has an after-dinner accuracy. Brillat-Savarin is referred to throughout as "Savarin," and in one place it is formally stated that the name was Brillat de Savarin. Now, while we make no pretension to private information, and while we are quite aware that persons who wished to speak flatteringly of him used sometimes to call him M. de Savarin, just as one might call Fouquier-Tinville M. de Tinville, if that could conciliate him ("Hé, bon jour, M. de Corbeau"), yet we believe the name was as it is universally given. Presumably, the male stock had originally borne the name Brillat, to which Savarin had been added as a sort of quartering, as with thousands of such bourgeois designations. Berchoux's sprightly poem is said to have been published in 1801, although Mr. Ellwanger must be familiar with the fact that it went through three editions in 1800. But probably at the moment of writing the sentence he had in mind some statement that it appeared in the first year of the nineteenth century. The most celebrated of all taverns, Aux Trois Frères Provençaux, is, on page 213, called "The Provincial Brothers," as if they were *provinciaux*. The story about the knighting of the sirloin by Charles II. is given without any warning against the ridiculous derivation of a word in use in English, as Wedgwood shows, from the time of Henry VI., and still older in French. Of course, the prank may have been actually played by Charles II., but it is more likely to be fabulous. On page 29, Cælius Apicius, the writer of the cook-book, is spoken of in immediate juxtaposition to the famous Marcus Gabius Apicius, in such a way (both being called simply Apicius) as to convey the idea that they are one person. Further on (p. 41), the relation of the one to the other is correctly explained. Nicomedes is called King of the Babylonians, instead of King of Bithynia. The Greek cocotte Barsine appears as Barné, as if she were a hetaira of Paris. The early Greeks are said to have been in the habit of taking four regular meals a day; but another statement about them is eminently true; namely, on page 9 we read: "Coffee, of very remote use in Abyssinia, was unknown to the early Greeks and Romans." These are merely a small selection from the illustrations we have noted of the kind of accuracy of the work.

The volume is a very beautiful and tasteful one, printed with Caslon-like type and the blackest ink, upon paper which, though calendared, is not too heavy. There are some three-dozen charming illustrations reproduced from old prints, with delightful vignettes and ornaments. It is so sumptuous that when one finds it entertaining and instructive enough to be well worth having in any dress, one is quite taken by surprise.

NOVELS, AND NO END.

Jethro Bacon, and the Weaker Sex. By F. J. Stimson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Diary of a Saint. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

John Gayther's Garden, and the Stories Told Therein. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Housewives of Edenrise. By Florence Popham. D. Appleton & Co.

An Old Country-house. By Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green. Harper & Brothers.

The Biography of a Prairie Girl. By Eleanor Gates. The Century Co.

Mr. Stimson rightly names his two stories "Studies of New England Strength of Character." Possibly he is weary of New England's cinnamon roses and codfish. At all events, if there be any readers on whom this literary health food has palled, they have here a chance to see what a passionate pilgrim for material may find in Boston and on Cape Cod, of Balzac-like situation and darkly melodramatic episode. Tragedy suits the lonely sand dunes, and there we seem to be at home with her. But Mr. Stimson has further domesticated the grim Muse within the white gates and behind the green blinds of New England, with sordidness and sin as her handmaidens, even as they flourish in tales of the Latin Quarter. In the second story, the city surroundings take away in part the surprised shock imparted by the powers of darkness. Against the background of slums and crime stand out radiantly the characters of the skipper parson and the hero woman. This is a bearable tragedy. Both are of unmistakable power; but the story of Jethro Bacon, from its very nearness to Nature's open air and its intrusion on ground possessing other associations, weighs like lead on the consciousness, which yet perforce acknowledges the harsh, painful truth of the picture.

A further proof that New England is decidedly emerging from her gingham pinafore days in fiction is afforded by Arlo Bates's new story. Behold herein a frankly agnostic heroine, the child of parents whose agnosticism was not negative but militant. The iron-bound theologies that surround Ruth Privet in her country town are by her own admission out of date in cities; but Tuskamuck still held to the old isms and horrors, and many of Ruth's experiences led her into puzzling encounter with them. The motive of the story is the portrayal of the saintliness that may abide in a woman who is at once unselfish (almost to the point of miracle), large-hearted, clever, well bred, full of humor, and free from entangling alliances with all revealed religion. Her year's experiences with herself and her neighbors, good and bad, make an interesting story. With all her sweetness and breadth, she has the illogic of her logical convictions, as when she says of prayer: "I wondered if I should be happier if I could share this belief in the power of men to move the unseen by supplication, but I reflected that this would imply the continual discomfort of believing in invisible beings who would do me harm unless properly placated, and I was glad to be as I am." Here is surely an undistributed middle. The triumph of Ruth's convictions would be greater artistically and theologically were there, as pendant to her portrait, even one character who should possess both religion and charity.

Many of the stories in Mr. Stockton's volume recall the old-time fillip of surprise and conjecture and the sense of a new sense, that he ushered into fiction. The diver who breathes for two hours the sixteenth-century air of a submerged galleon and comes up "as a man who swashbuckles," is an instance. All Frank Stockton's lovers and lamenters will read the book with increased love and lamenting. "The stories are all told. The winter has come," is his own fitly spoken good-by to the garden where the story-tellers met.

The tale of an English village, its matrons, maids, and the siren who rents the vacant house, is told glibly and with some originality in 'The Housewives of Edenrise,' a place whose society is described by the siren as consisting of the "old-fashioned, sitting-hen kind of woman, their bald and highly respectable husbands, enlivened by one milk-and-water curate." The usual incidents of such a community are related with a fair amount of humor, and now and then a pungent epigram. It must be added that some discussion of intimate topics goes on which might with advantage have taken place behind closed doors. The book is too serious to be called flippant, too full of common sense to be called silly, yet not so clever as to inebriate, and hardly so wholesome as to cheer.

A very beautiful volume as to printing, outer dress, and illustrations is Mr. Le Gallienne's, and an altogether charming one as to contents. Lovers of old houses, old gardens, old books, old sundials, and lovers of lovers old and young, may spend a fragrant hour among its pages. The chapter on "Perdita's Simple Cupboard" is a pure delight. Think of her among her books on herbs "turning the leaves—I had almost said petals—of a precious first edition"! The closing chapter, showing how Perdita kept Christmas with old observances of carols, Yule log, and the gigantic pie trundled about the table and then from cottage door to door, gives the volume a seasonable

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aspect. But it has nature worship and poetry for all the year round, with enough of human interest to serve as string for the pearls.

'The Biography of a Prairie Girl' is undeniably strong and striking as a picture of life on a Dakota farm. Reading it, one sees the prairie, the corn furrows, the cottonwoods, and enters upon the hazards, glooms, and occasional pleasures of farming in a new country where Indians may steal the horses, and gophers will certainly steal the corn. The little heroine, strapped on a pinto at four and a half and set to herding cattle, grows visibly to girlhood, where we leave her, in pages full of the adventure and risk that make daily life on the plains. An engaging little puss she is, often in difficulties and dangers of her own making, forgetting to do her agricultural duties while she lies dreaming on the grass, passionately loving her pets, be they pony or tamed badger, wandering through the strange ways of a life that makes contradictory demands of youth and age on all who live it; a quaint little figure, prematurely old in out-of-door learning, pathetically ignorant of childhood's pleasures. The story is told in a singular way, with a plethora of adjectives, and a use throughout of paraphrase to the exclusion of all names; as, "The little girl," "The biggest brother," etc. We discern no advantage in this affectation, and could wish that the whole tale were more simply told, with less of what children call "thick part," and more alleviation in the shape of conversation. But the lights and shades of Western farm living could hardly have a more graphic showing than in this story of a child, which yet is not for children.

Scottish History and Life. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

Buckle, in a celebrated but libellous passage, taxes the Scotch with the backwardness of their civilization. Not only did "the ferocious Highlanders live entirely by plunder," but the burghers of the Lowlands differed little from savages until a comparatively late date. Down to the seventeenth century, "no glass was manufactured in Scotland, neither was any soap made there. Even the higher class of citizens would have deemed windows absurd in their wretched abodes; and as they were alike filthy in their persons as in their houses, the demand for soap was too small to induce any one to attempt its manufacture."

We shall not go so far as to assert that all the allegations of Buckle are disproved by the book before us, but we will say that it furnishes a more attractive picture of Scottish life and culture than is afforded by the second chapter of his second volume. In a word, this very handsome volume is a memorial of the Glasgow Exhibition. Historical collections of great interest and value were there brought together for the sake of illustrating different stages of the national development. But objects thus gathered are quickly dispersed, and can be reassembled only for a great occasion. Hence it was decided to utilize this material "in telling the story of Scottish History, and showing what the people were who made it." The editor, Mr. James Paton, also states "that no effort has been spared to make this volume both a vivid and an accurate picture of Scottish History and Life."

In describing the nature of the contents, we must divide honors evenly between the four hundred and thirty-seven illustrations and the twenty-three chapters which they serve to adorn. The co-operative plan has been followed, and each separate aspect of history or culture is treated by a specialist of recognized authority. Dr. D. H. Fleming and Mr. H. G. Graham are the only contributors who furnish more than a single chapter, and the table of contents presents nearly a score of names. According to another division, history receives eleven chapters, and the same number is devoted to various aspects of the national life; while, in conclusion, Mr. William Young furnishes such memorials of Glasgow as explain the growth of the town at which the exhibition was held.

Regarding the illustrations, it may be said that they bear all the marks of authenticity. Moreover, the choice of subjects is excellent, and good modes of reproduction have been employed. Most of the full-page plates are executed in half-tone, but there are also some fine photogravures—for example, the frontispiece, which represents the Darnley Cenotaph, and a striking portrait of Dundee. In every case the mechanical work is good of its kind. If we were seeking for a standard of comparison, we should suggest that the illustrations of this book agree with the text, and explain it in much the same way that the illustrations chosen by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate add to Green's 'History of England.' Objects like the Ruthwell cross, the brooch of Lorne, the oak cradle of Queen Mary, and the wine glasses of the Jacobites are shown in great profusion; almost all the leading politicians and notables are represented either by portrait or autograph; town seals and loving-cups, dirks and broadswords, pages from chronicles and illuminated missals, appear with regularity at the proper places. We do not praise the work too highly when we say that good talent accompanies good scholarship throughout.

Writers and illustrators have both done their subject justice, but, after all, it cannot be affirmed that the Scotland of the Middle Ages or of the Stuart régime was in any special sense a home of the arts. Poverty, turbulence, and isolation were barriers which the incipient genius of the north could not well break through. The general conditions were in some respects similar to those which prevailed among the Alps, though on the whole the Scotch made a better use of their opportunity than did the Swiss. Where so much was borrowed, we need not pause to discriminate between French friends and English foes. It is more candid as well as less harsh to say that, despite the hostility of nature and the fierceness of their chieftains, the Scotch did recognize a difference between refinement and barbarism. Their pursuit of beauty and elegance was not wholly successful, but the Lowlander at least had grasped the idea that decency is better than squalor before the day when James VI. mounted the English throne.

The historical chapters of this volume, besides being well written, are marked off from the generality of such sketches by their closeness of contact with the illustrations. It is, however, to the chapters on social life that most readers will turn when they begin to examine the text closely. Studies like the editor's paper on Scottish towns, Mr. Kerr's account of the national games, and Dr. Murray's description of the universities, are more likely to fill a gap than is the best résumé of political history. The mention of this last subject brings to mind a shortcoming of the Scottish universities upon which Dr. Murray dwells with great earnestness. Notwithstanding their belief in education and the sacrifices that they make on its behalf, the Scotch do not seem even at the present day to entertain much affection for their universities. The students see little of each other and have few interests in common. According to Dr. Murray, "the student life of the ordinary Scottish undergraduate, at least in the large universities, is a dull one; the university does nothing for him as a student but worry him with lectures and examinations, and does nothing for him after he leaves her care except to keep his name upon the books." Such is the condition. Of equal significance is the remedy which Dr. Murray proposes, namely, an adoption of American methods, and the development of a class feeling. Should his suggestion be heeded, Scotland may receive from the United States, besides Mr. Carnegie's money, the benefits which are represented by cane rushes, Greek-letter societies, and amphitheatrical football games! Speaking seriously, our college life possesses attractions which are unknown at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Perhaps we shall do well to recall this fact in moments when we are dismayed by certain ebullitions of undergraduate energy.

New Amsterdam and its People. By J. H. Innes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

The various contributors to the voluminous literature concerning the history of the city of New York have treated the subject in very various ways and from widely different points of view. John Fiske, with brilliant generalizations and philosophic inferences, regards it as an integral part of the country's colonial history; Mrs. Lamb entertains us with sprightly and gossiping relations of families and their changes; in the *Goede Vrouw* of Manhattan Mrs. Van Rensselaer paints the inner life and domestic virtues of the Dutch matrons. These sketches are fitly supplemented by her elaborate tables of genealogies, separately published, which have proved of much service for the biographies of families of later date, and useful to conveyancers for tracing title to real property. Besides these more serious works, many clever monographs exist shedding light on special periods or persons in the town's story.

The present author conducts his account in a quite novel way, from the first beginning of separate streets and buildings through their connection with the succession of persons who have occupied them, illustrating these by noted characters, with personal sketches. This method, though fragmentary, brings out detached points of lively interest. The period within which the author chooses to confine his researches—that between the discovery of the islands and the final surrender of its

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dominion to the English in 1674—does not preclude scope for much interesting variety of treatment. True, the public events recorded are of narrow range and slight importance. The building of forts, palisades, a church, and public warehouses, the purchase of the island from the Indians, wars with the savages and the intruding Swedes, the creation of the class of patroons, and the establishment of the Boweries, and city charters, comprise the public events marking that space of time. But the great world across the sea seethed with a ferment that reacted upon this insignificant nook of earth. The Thirty Years' War, the cruel religious persecutions, and the upsetting of dynasties involved in their sweep these far-away lands, and threw upon their shores a mingled and adventurous population.

It is an error, then, to suppose, as is generally believed, that the early settlers of Manhattan, though mainly Dutch, were purely so. Almost all foreign civilized nations were represented among the immigrants to this island in the half century following its first settlement. The first private building described is the White Horse Tavern, in the lower part of what is now Broad Street, occupied by a French settler, Philip Gerard, or Geraerdy, as his Dutch neighbors called him. The name of the Delancys, refugees after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, early appears in holders of a great estate along the Bowery, which would have made them, had it not been confiscated at the American Revolution, almost the richest landholders of that date. The Scotch line of the Livingstons was planted here early, and appears about 1670 as wealthy and politically eminent. Another striking personage described in this volume among the later colonists was the Scotchman William Paterson, adventurer and financier, celebrated by Macaulay, and the projector of the Bank of England. He lived some years at New Amsterdam and at Albany, involved himself in noted quarrels, and at last returned to London, leaving his reputation and even his identity an historical puzzle. The Scotch line of Stirling, settled in New Jersey, and the French Jays, in Westchester, N. Y., soon took rank among the chief citizens of the young community.

Through such mingling of alien races, busy in divers pursuits, the town of New Amsterdam, at the time of its final surrender to the English in 1674, had, under the guidance of Dutch polity and thrift, grown to be a truly cosmopolitan community, quite justifying the author's description of it as a people not greatly different in its nature, however narrower in range, from the population which throngs the streets of Manhattan in this year of grace 1902.

Pursuing his plan of tracing the growth of this people through the slow building-up of its separate habitations, the author does not need to expand his treatment of his theme from the time when the few settlers plodded their way through muddy lanes over rough cobblestones to this era of stately parks, sky-piercing hives of industry, and avenues disembowelled by subways. The plain homes of traders, artisans, sailors, and farmers supply a sufficient field of human interest and progress. Localities suggest their creators and occupants. The record of many scores of such growing erections suggests scores of names, linked easily and naturally with their development, and in these little biographies is gathered a mine of incident and adventure. This treatment of the subject baffles the reviewer who seeks a clue or a principle in the multiform growth of a microcosm, but it is perhaps the more entertaining for being discontinuous and fragmentary.

The text is enlivened by some forty well-chosen illustrations, mostly engraved from diagrams and authentic official maps. An apt preface, a full index, and clear type leave nothing to be desired in the make-up of the volume.

Recollections of a Player. By J. H. Stoddart. The Century Co. 1902.

These autobiographical notes of James H. Stoddart are chiefly valuable as a revelation of the man himself, and an illustration of the process by which good actors were made out of raw material in the old days before the stage had been converted by commercial speculators into an emporium for the display of tailors' models and realistic representations of police-court incidents. The author must be one of the oldest players still in harness, but is not to be accounted among those veterans who lag superfluous. On the contrary, he is, happily, in full possession of his bodily and mental faculties, and only recently won, in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," the crowning triumph of his career. For nearly fifty years he has occupied a most honorable position in the American Theatre, playing successfully many prominent parts, of the most diversified character, in old and modern comedy and the romantic drama, and to-day furnishes one of the most conspicuous examples of thorough competency to be found in the ranks of his profession. His story, reduced to its simplest elements, is a record of indefatigable industry, intense conscientiousness, and rare modesty. Interesting as it is on account of its complete naturalness and its manifestations of a sweet, genuine, and generous disposition, it contains nothing that is startling and but little that can be quoted. From the spirit of artistic jealousy it is absolutely free. It is full of the most kindly and ungrudging appreciation of the many distinguished actors with whom at various times the writer has been associated, but offers no word of unfavorable criticism or malicious comment Of his own successes he speaks gratefully but doubtfully, while lavish in the praise of his associates.

Born in Yorkshire, in October, 1827, the son of a provincial actor, he began acting while yet a child, and passed the long years of his novitiate as a member of the stock companies of various theatres in Scotland, Yorkshire, and Liverpool, earning a mere pittance by acting innumerable small characters of every description, and gradually working his way up to the position of leading man in provincial theatres of the first rank. It was in 1854 that he came to this country and secured an engagement with the elder Wallack, with whose brilliant company he was associated for many seasons. Later on he was a prominent member of the memorable body of players collected by A. M. Palmer at the Union Square Theatre, contributing in no small degree to some of the most notable successes achieved in romantic melodrama, and establishing for himself a reputation which extended from New York to California. Nor were his triumphs limited to one line of character. Although an actor of decided mannerisms and a man of utterly undisguisable personality, his intelligence and his training enabled him to exhibit a true versatility in the broadly comic Mark Meddle, the tigerish Père Michel, and the deeply pathetic, unhappy father in "Saints and Sinners." In all these and many other parts the habitual gestures of the man were so dominated by the informing spirit of the trained actor that there was no confusion of identity.

It may be noted here that there are many delusions, common to both actors and critics, concerning the meaning of versatility—at all events in the theatrical sense of the word. For instance, there is a prevalent idea that it relates chiefly, or largely, to externals. Actors skilled in the use of wigs, paint, paddings, and costumes for the transformation of their bodies, are constantly credited with the versatility of a Proteus, although in reality they never offer any other personality than their own. Other actors are reputed versatile because their own individuality is so weak and colorless that it seems to be equally well suited to any character they may undertake. Even so veteran an observer as Mr. Stoddart is not quite clear on this subject. He is inclined to undervalue versatility, and even to regard it as an obstacle to histrionic success. He quotes the case of an actor who played everything, and was always good, yet never made a mark in his profession. This player, doubtless, was lacking in character and mentality, and so never amounted to anything more than a pliant, agreeable, uninteresting nonentity. In bodily aspect all Mr. Stoddart's characters resemble each other closely, but in spirit they are widely different. Herein is manifested the intellectual versatility that counts, and this is a gift with which Mr. Stoddart is highly endowed, although he does not appear to be aware of it.

His modesty, indeed, has prevented him from doing himself full justice in many ways. In his long and active life he must have accumulated rich funds of experience and anecdote, but he does not draw upon either, rarely digressing from the plain record of his life, except to descant upon the abilities of his associates, few of whom were comparable with himself. In this respect the book is a disappointment, but it is very pleasant to find in an old actor a heart so fresh and genial, so unspoiled by success or disappointment, so cordial towards aspiring juniors, so entirely free from envy or suspicion. May he be long preserved to the stage which he adorns.

How to Sing. By Lilli Lehmann. The Macmillan Co. Pp. 281.

Mr. Richard Aldrich's accurate and readable translation of Lilli Lehmann's book on singing appears simultaneously with the original German, and will be cordially welcomed by thousands of students and lovers of music. The German title of the book—'Meine Gesangskunst' (My Art of Song)—indicates one of its principal charms. It is a sort of autobiographic description of the processes by which the author herself learned to sing, and at every point her own experiences illustrate and enforce the rules given by her to singers

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in regard to what they should do and what they should avoid. Those who are not students of the vocal art will be interested in her remarks on famous vocalists—Patti, Melba, Sembrich, Niemann, Betz, Wachtel, Silva. There are numerous pictures to illustrate the physiological side of singing; and the minuteness of some of her directions is instanced by the fact that she requires nearly a page of text and a diagram in two colors to show how she sings the word *Fräulein*. The author tells how she studied the rôle of Isolde, and a chapter is devoted to her method of interpreting three of the most popular songs in her repertory—Schumann's "Der Nussbaum," Brahms's "Feldeinsamkeit," and Schubert's "Erlking."

Mme. Lehmann is severe on the voice factories which turn out singers in two years, and contrasts this state of affairs (fostered by ignorant or unscrupulous managers) with the time when an eight-year course was required at the conservatories. She herself was so lucky as to have a mother who could sing, and who was her first teacher. She began humbly, in operetta, and gradually became one of the leading grand-opera singers of her time, differing from most others in not being a narrow specialist, but an expert in Italian florid song as well as in the Wagnerian drama. This versatility makes her ideally qualified to pose as a teacher for singers in general. Beginners who have difficulty with their breath will be consoled on reading that the writer herself was very short of breath by nature, and will be interested in her method of overcoming this defect. Singers of more mature years will eagerly read what she has to say about the secret of keeping the voice young. The hygienic hints alone would make the book indispensable to every singer; they are all based on personal experience. One of her topics is the reason why artists like to sing Wagner. There are also remarks on the duration of concerts, on applause, on the behavior of audiences, and many other things of interest to music-lovers. While holding that "it is not enough to sing well; one must also know how one does it," Mme. Lehmann admits that there are exceptions. Patti could give no explanation of her art, but answered all questions concerning it with an "Ah, je n'en sais rien."

Daniel Boone. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. 1902.

Daniel Boone (1734-1820) was an extreme type of our foremost frontiersmen. Born in eastern Pennsylvania, he moved far West with various halts, chiefly in Kentucky, and, keeping on the outer fringe, was in Spanish service on the Missouri while it was still Spanish, his hunts extending far up that river. As an omnivorous Nimrod, buffaloes were not too large nor bees too small for his chase, and he was of that class who largely return to the hunting stage in social development. A capital shot, he easily believed that both his pleasure and his profit lay in the same line, and that he could best earn his bread as a hunter. Thus his ruling passion was a lifelong pilgrimage to happy hunting-grounds. He became as migratory as Indians or game wheresoever furs could be discovered that were lightest in weight and heaviest in worth, for markets were distant and transport at best was by pack-horse. To Indians, who were dragons guarding the golden fleece he was after, he became an Indian. He out-Indianed them, and was too wily for their wiles. A chief had made him captive and purposed to burn him, yet, in fact, adopted him as his son.

His strange career has been chronicled in a dozen books, which all have a Robinson Crusoe charm, and about his hair-breadth 'scapes clouds of legends or lies have gathered, which a sketch like the present, the outcome of long and earnest search, was needed to clear away. The truth was romantic enough. This latest publication is first to show the exact date of Boone's birth and many another suggestive fact. It shows us also for the first time Boone's best portrait, and many significant autographs in facsimile, such as pages of field-notes of surveys and familiar letters, photographs of his last home, his monument at the capital of Kentucky, when he had been reburied there, with other realistic, not imaginary, scenes. It omits many irrelevant matters with which some preceding narratives had been padded, and defines Boone's place among Western pioneers in the light of manuscripts which can be found only in the charge of its author.

Having both hands full of biographic details, there was reason for the Wisconsin secretary to open his little finger. One letter, however, we miss more than we should some of his pages. It is an appeal to Virginia for help just after a defeat by British-aided Indians, written when Boone's military rank was highest, and brings to view back-countrymen safeguarding the Revolutionary back door. This letter is found in Peck (p. 131), whose painstaking production, derived in part from personal interviews with Boone himself, and the early Draper collections as well, would remain the standard biography but for the improvements it was reserved for Mr. Thwaites to add. Few books have so little need as has this finality to ask pardon for being born.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Doffed Coronet: A True Story. Harpers. $2.25.
Andersen, R. Jack Champney: A Story for Boys. Philadelphia; George W. Jacobs & Co.
Aristotle's Psychology: A Treatise on the Principle of Life. Translated by W. A. Hammond. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan.
A Voice on the Wind, and Other Poems. Madison Cawein. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. $1.
Bacon, E. M. The Hudson River, from Ocean to Source. Historical, Legendary, Picturesque. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.
Bailey, Florence M. Handbook of Birds of the Western United States. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50.
Baker, Mrs. L. A. A Maid of Mettle. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Barine, Arvède. La Grande Mademoiselle, 1627-1652. Authorized English version by Helen E. Meyer. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Barry, Rev. W. The Papal Monarchy. (Story of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.
Bayne, S. G. On an Irish Jaunting-Car through Donegal and Connemara. Illustrated. Harpers. $1.25.
Bell, Mrs. Arthur. Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits and Fathers of the Church, with Other Contemporary Saints. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $4.50.
Betham-Edwards. East of Paris: Sketches in the Gâtinais, Bourbonnais, and Champagne. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Bicknell, Ethel E. Praise of the Dog: An Anthology. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Bjerregard, C. H. A. Sufi Interpretations of the Quatrains of Omar Khayyám and FitzGerald. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co. $5.
Blanchard, Amy E. Little Miss Oddity. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Burgess, Gelett. The Romance of the Commonplace. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard.
Burr, W. H. Ancient and Modern Engineering and the Isthmian Canal. John Wiley & Sons. $3.50.
Canfield, W. W. Legends of the Iroquois. A. Wessels Co. $2.50.
Carruth, Frances W. Fictional Rambles in and about Boston. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Chesterton, G. K. Twelve Types. London: Arthur L. Humphreys.
Clouston, J. S. The Adventures of M. d'Haricot. Harpers. $1.50.
Comrie, Margaret S. A Loyal Huguenot Maid. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.
Crawford, F. M. Ave Roma Immortalis: Studies from the Chronicles of Rome. New ed. Macmillan.
Creswick, Paul. Hasting the Pirate. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Creswick, Paul. Robin Hood and his Adventures. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Crosby, Ernest. Swords and Plowshares. Funk & Wagnall Co. $1.
Dale, Lucy. The Principles of English Constitutional History. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Dellenbaugh, F. S. The Romance of the Colorado River. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.
Dickens, Charles. A Child's History of England. Wth Many Illustrations by Patten Wilson. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Douglas, Amanda M. A Sherburne Quest. Dodd, Mead & Co. 90 cents.
Dugmore, A. R. Nature and the Camera. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.
Dumas, Alexander. Master Adam, the Calabrian. Translated by H. A. Spurr. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.
Dunn, E. B. The Weather and Practical Methods of Forecasting It. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60.
Dunne, P. F. Observations by Mr. Dooley. R. H. Russell.
Ellis, J. B. The Red Box Clue. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents.
Farrar, F. W. Eric; or, Little by Little. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Fuller, A. J. Dutton's Holiday Annual for 1903. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton. $1.25.
Fuller, A. J. Wee Folk's Annual. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Gale, E. O. Reminiscences of Early Chicago. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.
Gannon, W. Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles. Hurst & Co.
Gorton, D. A. Ethics, Civil and Political. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Hamilton, S. M. Letters to Washington, and Accompanying Papers. Vol. V. 1774, 1775. General Index. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.
Havens, H. One of the Red Spirits: A Story of Garibaldi's Men. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.
Haynie, Henry. Paris, Past and Present. 2 vols. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $4.
Hibben, Prof. J. G. Hegel's Logic: An Essay in Interpretation. Scribners. $1.25.
Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army, Second Series. Vol. VII. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Ireland, W. H. Napoleon Anecdotes. H. M. Caldwell & Co.
Irwin, Wallace. The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard.
Jackson, Gabrielle E. Doughnuts and Diplomas. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. $1.
Jones, I. L. The Richer—The Poorer. The Fiction Publishing Company.
Lanier, Sidney. Shakspere and his Forerunners: Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and its Development from Early English. 2 vols. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co. $10.
Lawrence, Rev. W. Roger Wolcott. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Lee, Gerald S. The Lost Art of Reading. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
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